A SUMMER IN NORTHERN LANDS

C. W. HAMILTON

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Mr. Alfred Hemenway
with affectionate regards of
C. W. Hamilton

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A SUMMER
IN
NORTHERN LANDS

Our Captain

A SUMMER
IN
NORTHERN LANDS

THE JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO SCANDINAVIA

By
CHARLES WILLIAM HAMILTON

Illustrated
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY
RAPHAEL *and* MARIAN HAMILTON

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Trondhjem Cathedral

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PREFACE.

As an inducement for others to "go and do likewise," I have allowed this journal to be published. There is nothing new or original in it. It merely serves as an accompaniment to some excellent photographs, and recalls a very happy summer spent in the places described. As it was written on the spot, most of the descriptions and facts stated are as accurate as an observer, without books of reference, can make them; however, if perchance, misstatements have crept in, they are entirely unintentional on the part of the

Author.

Farewell to New York

Sunday, June 22.

Although the weather had been extremely hot for a week past, it began to rain soon after the train pulled out of Omaha and the storm kept with us for twenty-four hours until we were well into the State of Ohio. That made tolerable what would otherwise have been a hot and dusty journey. On reaching New York City this afternoon, we took taxi-cabs and came to the Seville Hotel, where we now are located in pleasant rooms away up on the 'steenth floor, where there is an extensive view and plenty of air; and as each apartment has a bath-room connected, you can easily imagine how we have spent the time since our arrival.

Monday, June 23.

This morning I took a walk up Fifth Avenue to see what changes have taken place since my last visit to New York. When the New Library Building was reached, never having been inside, I entered to investigate. On the top floor there is quite a collection of paintings in several large galleries. Some of the pictures are good, but most belong to the "has been famous school." On the first

floor there is a room that contains a number of portraits of North American Indians, but, as there were none of my personal friends in the bunch, they did not interest me. I forgot to look for books, but suppose there are a few hidden away somewhere in the building. The earlier half of the afternoon was spent hunting for a laundry bag, which, when found, was of goodly size, somewhat after the style of a mail pouch, brass trimmed and with a padlock. Then, a search was made for a carrying case, that would fit Marian's Kodak. Never before had I realized that there were so many varieties of Kodaks. Half a dozen places where they had cases for sale were visited, but none from all the various stocks would fit that camera and, finally, a trip down to the Eastman Kodak Co's warehouse had to be made, to get what was wanted. It took so long that when I got back, my family accused me of going on a lark by myself.

Tuesday, June 24.

At ten o'clock this morning we took an auto for the Forty-fifth Street dock in Brooklyn, from which inconvenient point our steamer, the "Kristianiafjord" sails. Passing down through the crowded streets of New

Off the Shetland Islands

York to the Battery, we boarded the Thirty-ninth Street Ferry, which landed us within sight of our steamer, but the auto had to go around several blocks of warehouses before we reached the pier, down which our chauffeur raced his car, much to our alarm, until we came opposite the gangway that led to the steamer's deck. However, it was only after we had dismissed the auto that our troubles really began. Our hand luggage, which we had brought with us, was turned over to the stewards of the steamer and quickly disappeared; but before they would allow us to follow it aboard, our tickets had to be audited at a small office near the pier-head, where there was a dense crowd of people waiting. After passing through that ordeal, it was necessary to hunt up our trunks, which, although they had been checked through to the dock, labeled with our names and the numbers of our cabins, could not, it seemed, be put aboard until personally identified and turned over by us to the men that were to stow them in the cabin. This part of the business seemed to be rather poorly managed. When we finally got aboard, we found our staterooms very comfortable and in them were a number of letters and telegrams, with some flowers and a beautiful basket of fruit

that dear friends had been thoughtful enough to send. Our boat is new and clean but rather small. As this is her first voyage, and as the Norwegians are very patriotic and take great pride in the establishing of a steamship line between their country and America, many visitors are aboard, who are rushing all over the ship and making it uncomfortable for the regular passengers. We were to sail at one o'clock, but did not get away until after three, consequently lunch was late, also, dinner. Here is hoping that after one or two voyages the novelty will wear off and things run more smoothly. Several tugs, excursion boats, and yachts accompanied us down the bay and we passengers derived considerable amusement from watching the lowering, by means of a rope, of some belated visitors, among them a rather stout woman, to the deck of a tug-boat that was called alongside.

Wednesday, June 25.

Today is bright and the sea smooth, consequently all the passengers are on deck. Most of them are Norwegians or of Norwegian descent, but there are a few Americans aboard. The dining saloon is supplied with a number of small tables, but all were taken by the time I got around, so we were placed at

Bergen

the Captain's table, which seats about a dozen persons. Shortly after lunch we encountered a fleet of sailing vessels bound south, and while ahead watching them, I made the acquaintance of a Norwegian gentleman named Stephensen, Captain of the Port of Christiania. He is a very agreeable man and speaks English quite well. In the afternoon, while leaning over the rail, I saw a large shark swimming away from the ship. It looked like the big sand sharks my boys used to catch in Vineyard Sound near Horseshoe Shoal. Towards evening there were some black clouds hovering about but, before sunset they disappeared. One thing about this ship I do not like is the arrangement of the windows in the state rooms on the promenade deck. They are nice, big, square ones, but can't be opened. To be sure the ship has a very elaborate system of ventilation, by which the air is drawn through tanks where it may be either heated or cooled, and from which it is distributed by means of pipes to the state rooms, but there is nothing like an open window at sea in fine weather; and even on the lower decks they can keep open the port-holes most of the time.

Thursday, June 26.

The sea is a little rough this morning, so naturally Maud and Marian are not feeling their very best. About midday we passed a small steamer that was headed west. We are well supplied with sea-captains. Besides the one in command of the ship, there are six among the passengers and it is quite interesting to listen when they get to talking in the smoking room. Telling of "Rolling Down to Rio" or about "The Good Ship, Mary Ann." However, Captain Doxrude, who could probably tell the best tale of any, seldom speaks. I understand he has crossed the Atlantic as a captain for nearly a quarter of a century and mostly in command of steamers of the Red Star Line. The meals served on this boat are wholesome if not elaborate. The Bill of Fare at dinner today was,

Soup Parmantière
Consommé Paysanne
Boiled Striped Bass Buttersauce
Rissolles Lamb Sauté Navarin
Roast Turkey Sweet Corn
Stewed Prunes Mixed Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream
Fruit Dessert Coffee

S. S. "Kristianiafjord" at Stavanger

Which, with a bottle of Cantenac Brown, 1904, at 3 krs., or Rudesheimer, at 5 krs., certainly should prevent starvation. As printed in the Norwegian language some of the dishes read, "Afkog Bass Smorsauce" and "Stegt Kalkun Corn."

Friday, June 27.

The ocean has smoothed down a bit. In the morning we passed a west bound steamer of the Red Star Line. They say it was the "Gothland." Towards evening we were off the New Foundland Banks and it turned cold. About sunset we saw a schooner away off to the north and it certainly did look lonesome. Probably from now on we shall see but few ships until we are well across the Atlantic. Norway, the land of wonderful scenery, the home of the Vikings, the Lapps, and reindeer, is not a large country, for, while it is a thousand miles in length, it is quite narrow, averaging only one hundred and seventy miles in width, and with a total area, including islands, of 124,130 square miles or a little more than Wisconsin and Minnesota combined. Of this total area seventy-five per cent is unproductive, twenty-two per cent is covered by forests and but three per cent is under cultivation. The principal crops are

oats, barley, rye, wheat, pulse, and potatoes. Norway imports far more agricultural products than it exports, and for that reason our good ship carries six thousand tons of flour as part of her cargo. Sheep, cattle, horses, goats, reindeer, and swine are the domestic animals raised, and their value stands in the order named. The forest area is 26,320 square miles, of which seventy per cent is pine, so, naturally, the timber trade is extensive. The coast line, exclusive of fjords and bays, is 3,018 miles, and most of it is marked by magnificent cliffs, whose steep sides seem to forbid entrance to the land they protect from all outlying forces. Numberless little islands lie along the shores, and into the mainland, like flooded valleys, extend the narrow fjords. With all this sea coast, naturally the fisheries are extensive, over 100,000 persons being employed. The chief varieties of fish taken are cod, herring, mackerel, salmon, sea-trout, and lobsters. The mining industries, which might be expected to be extensive in so mountainous a country, are unimportant, the chief minerals produced being silver, copper, pyrites, apatite, and feldspar. Norway has only about twelve hundred miles of railroads and on account of the mountainous nature of the country the cost

Stavanger

of construction is very high, but owing to the numerous fjords, by which boats can penetrate far into the country, this apparent lack of railroads is not such a disadvantage as it would be in most countries. I got most of these facts from a gazetteer I found in the smoking room.

Saturday, June 28.

Today the sea is smooth and most of the passengers are up on deck enjoying the beautiful weather. The commander of our ship, Captain Hiortdahl, is a fine looking, young Norwegian; tall, with light hair, blue eyes, and a strong, handsome face. I have been told he commanded a Japanese ship during the late Russian-Japanese War. Even so, he cannot now be past forty years of age.

Sunday, June 29.

We had a sacred concert this afternoon, given by a Choir from St. Olaf's College, Northfield, Minn. The members of the choir, nearly fifty in number and of whom two-thirds are young women, have contributed fifty dollars apiece to a common fund and it is expected that the rest of the expenses will be paid from the proceeds of concerts they will give while in Norway. Of

course they travel as second cabin passengers, but there is a good deal of first class talent among them.

Monday, June 30.

There has been considerable fog today. During the evening there was an attempt to give a concert in the First Class Saloon. Several clever stunts were given by some of the gentlemen and then a celebrated Norwegian Prima-Donna from the "Land of Sky-blue Water" sang a couple of songs in a charming manner, but before the program was half completed the function was stopped, by order of the captain, as the music interfered with locating a fog-signal that could be heard somewhere ahead. Most of the passengers adjourned to the deck and stood in silence, listening to the wailing signals from a steamer that passed us to port. Our wireless operator later told me it was the steamship "Hellig Olav" of the Scandinavian-American Line that was passing.

Tuesday, July 1.

Another fine day and as a result we are having the usual athletic sports that always serve for entertainment on one of the later days of a Trans-Atlantic voyage. Marian won first place in the hobbled-skirt race, and

Stavanger Cathedral

a gentleman, Mr. Ericson of Chicago, who is quite a good talker, made a pretty speech and presented her with a bunch of roses as a reward for her success. This evening, while we were seated in the after shelter, a Norwegian gentleman told how the late election at Bergen was carried in favor of a kingdom. He said it was arranged that those in favor of a monarchical form of government were to vote, "Yes," while those in favor of a republic were to vote "No." The merchants of Bergen were in favor of a kingdom but the fishermen of the neighborhood, who were greatly in the majority, were for a republic. Now, in Norway at that time, electric signs were a novelty, so the monarchical party leaders, who were clever, quietly fixed up an immense electric sign on the mountain side back of Bergen that read "Yes," and then on the night before the election, turned on the "juice." Naturally, the poor, ignorant fishermen, coming home in their boats after dark to vote on the all important question next day, beheld this mysterious, fiery wonder in the sky, and, believing it to be a divine command, voted accordingly.

Wednesday, July 2.

Today we had the captain's dinner. It

was a very elaborate meal, and, of course, everybody bought wine, but the captain did not appear at table. Later he told me that he was so tired from being up at night, on account of fog, that he had overslept at dinner time. After the meal some of the passengers danced on the rear boat-deck and several of them were very good dancers indeed, doing all the latest fancy steps.

Thursday, July 3.

Just after breakfast we sighted one of the northernmost of the Shetland Islands. A high rocky piece of land with green fields sloping down to the sea on the east, but with its peaks shrouded in purple mist to the west and south. Possibly, if we had been nearer, we might have seen some of the ponies. During the day we passed several large yawls, probably fishing boats; and late in the afternoon, a small Danish steamer that dipped her colors. About ten o'clock in the evening we nearly ran onto a rock. It was not much larger than a hay stack and we only missed it in the fog by a hundred yards. As we were going ahead very slowly, we had time to back before we reached others that suddenly appeared ahead. Then we came about, stopped, and kept whistling for a pilot. Finally, about

A Norwegian Lighthouse

midnight, we picked up one. He had been trying to reach us, in a small boat, for over two hours, and told us we were seven Norwegian miles north of the entrance to Bergenfjord. Later we picked up the regular Bergen pilot, but before that, I had gone to sleep.

Friday, July 4.

This morning on awaking, we found our ship at anchor in the Puddefjord with Bergen close at hand. The sun was shining brightly and as a ferry boat was alongside to take passengers ashore after breakfast, I decided to take advantage of the opportunity. So, collecting my family and rushing them in to the meal, the next time the little boat came alongside we were ready to board her and half an hour later were at Thomas Cook & Son's Office, where we stopped just long enough to get some Norwegian money. Then we walked to the Telegraph office and cabled home, "Arrived safe and well." From the office we crossed to the "Fish Market," one of the sights of Bergen. On an open wharf are a number of tanks supplied with running sea-water, in which the fishermen and dealers keep their stock alive. It was quite amusing to watch an old woman come along with her

basket on her arm, and point out a fish in the tank that she fancied. The dealer would scoop out the victim with a hand net and drop it flopping on the counter before her. She would carefully examine it and bargain with the man over the price, and if it was not fresh enough, or the price was considered too high, she would shake her head and it was tossed back into the tank. If on the other hand it was satisfactory, the man killed the fish by cutting it below the gills, and, after putting it in the woman's basket, would pocket the price with a bow and a grin of satisfaction. I noticed one old lady, who purchased three large fish for twenty-five ore, about seven cents. From the Fish Market we went to the Hanseatic Museum, an interesting relic of the time when Bergen was inhabited by the merchants of the Hanseatic League. It is an ancient, timber-built, ware-house, of several stories, the upper parts of which were used for a residence by the merchant and his apprentices. In the queer old rooms are shown the furniture and household articles they used, together with some of the scales, weights, and other equipments of the ware-house. After inspecting this relic of ancient times, we walked along the German Quay until we came to the Rosenkrants Tower,

CHRISTIANSAND

first built in the thirteenth century, extended by Rosenkrants in 1567 and restored in 1848. Probably owing to the thoroughness with which the work was done, it looks quite modern. We ascended to the roof, from which we had a fine view of the town. Near by is the "Maria Kirke," erected in the twelfth century and enlarged a hundred years later. From 1408 to 1766 it was the church of the German Merchants. The nave is Romanesque but the choir is Gothic. The altar dates from pre-reformation times, but the pulpit is of the seventeenth century. Both are elaborately decorated with wood carving. That on the altar-back is especially fine. In the center is the Virgin and Child, with, on the right, St. Olaf and St. Anthony; on the left, St. Catherine and St. Dorothy. In the wings, are the twelve Apostles. On the back of the wings are paintings of the Last Supper and a priest offering Mass. The carving on the pulpit is allegorical and, while well done, is rather heathenish in conception. At Maud's suggestion we crossed the town to St. John's Church to see Gronvold's famous painting, "Christ in the Desert," which hangs behind the high-altar, but when we arrived at the church we found it tightly locked and we were unable to gain admission. Retracing our

steps, we paused to look at the Ole Bull statue that stands in the little park in front of the Hotel Norga, and then suddenly every member of the party became extremely hungry. I led the charge on the hotel, but the porter met us at the front door and told us dinner would not be served for two hours, so we made a flank movement around the corner to the Café Boulevard and took what we could get.

Saturday, July 5.

Got up late this morning, but had time to visit the Cathedral, the Museum of Industrial Art, and the Picture Gallery before we sailed for Stavanger at two o'clock in the afternoon. Our ship followed the inside route going south and, as the day was fine, we enjoyed the trip immensely. The passage is between the mainland and the numerous rocky islands called the "Skjærgaard" and all the way in sheltered water. As the atmosphere was very clear we not only could see the islands and near by mainland, but also the far distant mountains of the interior with their vast snow fields. At Haugesund some of our Norwegian friends pointed out the Harald's Stotte, an obelisk of red granite fifty-six feet high, on a square pedestal, surrounded by twenty

Saetersdal Peasants

stones, nine feet high, that commemorates his conquest of the old Norse tribes. It was erected in 1872, on the thousandth anniversary of Harald's victory, by which he became sole sovereign and was released from a vow, taken ten years before, not to cut his hair until he should be king of all Norway.

Towards the end of the eighth century the Norwegian Vikings began their predatory expeditions. At first they visited other countries only for plunder, their own country being governed by numerous petty rulers until the close of the ninth century. Then the above mentioned "Harald Haarfager" (Fairhaired), succeeded in subduing all the jarls or earls and became master of Norway. Some of the chiefs were exiled and others fled from the country, rather than submit to any one man's rule. Between 870 and 890 a number of them removed to Iceland, which had been discovered by the Norsemen some years before and was uninhabited, save by a few settlers who had gone there from Ireland. To escape the taxation, which was necessary to support an organized government, many peasants and fishermen also emigrated to the Orkney, Shetland and Hebrides islands. While this process of consolidation was going on, some of the savage exiles descended upon

the shores of France and founded the Duchy of Normandy. It was over a century later before Norway became firmly established as a kingdom; for not only did the exiled chiefs and their descendants frequently return to vex the struggling monarchs, but the Danish Kings were prone to interfere in the internal affairs of Norway. After a century of civil strife, Olaf the Saint became king and introduced the Christian religion. Canute the Great in 1028 drove Olaf from the kingdom, but after the death of Canute, Norway was ruled by its own kings until 1319, when King Haakon died. His only child, a daughter, married the King of Sweden and the two countries were united for a time. Magnus, the son of this Norwegian princess, lost Sweden but retained Norway, and his son, Haakon, in 1363 married Margaret, the heiress to the Danish throne; thus Denmark and Norway were united until 1814, when the union of Norway and Sweden occurred. The subsequent history of Norway is identified with that of Sweden until 1905. Discontent, caused by lack of a separate consular service, culminated that year in an agreement for the repeal of the union. Prince Karl, second son of Frederick VII, of Denmark, was formerly elected King of Norway and in 1906, as King

A Song of Welcome

Haakon VII, was crowned at Trondhjem. So ends our lesson in history. After passing Haugesund the channel becomes very narrow, not over one hundred yards wide, but the captain told me it was over three hundred fathoms deep, or to make a comparison, three ship like ours standing end wise, one above the other, would not reach the surface of the water. About nine o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Stavanger, where thousands of people waited to welcome our ship, which ran up alongside the stone quay, just as easily as though it had been a tug-boat. The sun was setting and the water front was black with the crowd, but either because it was Sunday eve, or owing to the fact that the Norwegians are undemonstrative, they were very quiet and orderly.

Sunday, July 6.

Stavanger is one of the oldest towns in Norway, but it has suffered so frequently from fire that most of the houses are modern. The Cathedral, a fine old temple, was founded by the English Bishop Reinald towards the end of the eleventh century and is dedicated to an Englishman, St. Swithin (Suetonius, bishop of Winchester, died, 862). The interior seemed rather dark and

somber, but the exterior, especially the choir, is quite handsome. Back of the church is a pretty little lake, that seems to be a popular resort for wild fowls, which speaks well for the humane training of the lads of Stavanger. We have had a fine chance to see the town, as our ship was detained all day unloading "oleo" and flour. The principal industry of this place seems to be the canning of fish, and from here come the various delicacies of which the herring forms a principal part. Smoked herrings, pickled herrings, and little herrings masqueraded as all sorts of sardines and anchovies. Shortly after supper we sailed out of the harbor and soon were passing the low, sandy coast of Jæderen, a dangerous neighborhood for ships, as the numerous light houses attest. At one time, three were in sight, but at this season of the year there are no lamps burning, for it is light enough to see at midnight, and a friend tells me that the light house keepers have all gone on their annual vacations.

Monday, July 7.

When we went on deck this morning we found we were in the beautiful harbor of Christiansand, which, evidently, is not so deep as that of Stavanger, for our ship had to anchor quite a way from the town and un-

Fortress of Akershus

load her freight onto lighters. The harbor, however, seems to be well sheltered from the weather and is amply defended by forts. As soon as possible after breakfast we went ashore in a motor boat. There was not much to see in the town, but we were interested in watching the peasants from the Sætersdal, a number of whom were walking about the streets. The men wore leather trousers that came well up under their arm-pits, short embroidered vests and, to top off, queer, little, black pill-box hats. But it was the women, as usual, who wore the most striking costumes. The skirt, which was very short and full, was of black stuff, trimmed around the bottom with a wide band of red. At the place where their waists should be was a broad leather belt, and their ample limbs were encased in thick woolen stockings, blue or black in color. Above the low cut waist of the dress, which has no sleeves, the upper part of the body is covered by a white, under garment with big puffed sleeves that are confined by tight fitting cuffs at the wrists. The Sætersdal people are a tall, strongly built race, and seem to cling to old time habits with great tenacity. During the afternoon we took an auto-ride to a park called, if I am not mistaken, the "Ravnefjeld."

Tuesday, July 8.

On our arrival at Christiania, Captain Stephensen met the steamer in his boat, came aboard and, from the bridge, superintended her docking, which was accomplished to the music of an ode of welcome, sung by a large choir. I can imagine that the Captain would have preferred to dispense with the music as it rather drowned his commands, but he said nothing against it. After the ship was fast to the quay, he came and assisted me to get our baggage passed through the Custom House and then took us in his boat to a landing near the Continental Hotel, where he helped us select rooms. For luncheon we had some delicious strawberries! I spent the afternoon at Bennett's making arrangements for our North Cape trip. They say it is getting late for going to the North Cape: certainly accommodations on the steamers seem to be scarce and high priced. While walking on the Karl-Johans-Gade, I met the little Prima-Donna who came over on the steamer with us. She left the ship at Bergen, coming on by rail. I had hardly spoken half a dozen words to her while on ship-board, but when she saw me she hailed me like an old friend and we had quite a pleasant little chat. I was

Karl-Johans-Gade

glad to see her. She looked prettier than ever and seemed to be enjoying herself immensely.

Wednesday, July 9.

We can't get accommodations on the steamer "Sverre Sigurdsson," which sails from Trondhjem on next Monday for the North Cape, so I have had them wire to see what they can secure on the "Haakon Jarl," that sails a week later. Of course these are mail boats, not "Excursion Steamers," but I think if we travel as the Norwegians do, we will, in that way, see more of the people and of their country. After we had sent the telegram, the boys and I went down to take a look at the "Haakon Jarl," which happens to be here on her way north. We found nothing fancy about her, but she looked sea-worthy and fairly clean. In the afternoon Captain Stephensen called and we went down to the Piperviken pier, where his boat was waiting. He took us on a trip around among the islands of the fjord, and afterwards he landed at the Royal Yacht Club, where he insisted on our partaking of a very nice luncheon, but, as it was past three o'clock, it rather spoiled our appetite for dinner. After the lunch we

walked up to the Norsk Folkemuseum, an open air show, where he saw old houses from Sætersdal and Telemarken. In them were their original furnishings, among which were some quaint, old paintings of Biblical subjects, done by peasant artists. We also saw the Church of Gol, a "Stavekirke" or timber built church of the twelfth century, first mentioned in 1309, brought here in 1884, and since freely restored. With its dragon-head, decorated gables and many pinnacles it looks almost as though it was of Chinese origin. There is also a church museum here that contains carved and painted altar-pieces, pulpits and organ-cases, mostly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. After kindly showing us all these things, the Captain took us back to the landing near our hotel.

Thursday, July 10.

It rained hard this morning, so we went to see the Viking's Ship. Under a temporary shed, in the grounds back of the University Buildings, is the one discovered in 1889 at Gogstad. It dates from the ninth century and was found in a large mound known as the Kongshaugen, where, according to tradition, a king, with all his treasures, was buried. The custom of burying chiefs in a boat or

The Captain's Boat

ship, which was sunk in the earth and covered by a mound, was common during Viking times in Norway. The smaller boats, which were most frequently used, have generally decayed so that only the rusted rivets are left as evidence of the size and form of the vessels. This ship, however, owing to the fact that it was imbedded in potter's clay, is better preserved than usual. Its length is seventy-seven feet, breadth, sixteen feet. It is sharp at both ends, rather long for its beam, and has a fine run. It is clinker-built, of oak, sixteen strakes high, riveted with wrought iron nails, and was propelled by both sails and oars, as is shown by the stub of a mast and some oars that were found in the ship. Back of the mast was a sepulchral chamber, made of blocks of timber, placed like a roof against a ridgeplate, the lower ends resting on beams placed alongside the bulwarks, which timbers were joined to others crosswise, supporting the end-walls, made of planks. In this chamber, upon his couch, lay the skeleton of the dead chief, but his treasures had long since disappeared, for in the forgotten past the place had been plundered, as is shown by a yawning hole in the side of the ship, through which the robbers entered. Who the buried chieftain was, is unknown,

but the size of the mound and the grandeur of the burial prove him to have been a man of distinction. In another shed near by is a better preserved, but smaller, ship found at Oseberg. This, like the other, has been robbed of its treasures, but in and about it were found many objects of interest that are now on exhibition in the Historical Museum. Unlike the Gogstad ship, the Oseberg ship is not a sea going vessel but more of a pleasure craft, the carved and painted barge of a princess, and as might be expected, the two skeletons found in it were both females, one, that of the rich, distinguished woman over whom the grave was raised, the other, probably that of a maid-servant who had to accompany her mistress in death. After inspecting the ship we went to the Museum to see the objects found with it. They were quite numerous, but the most interesting of all was an elaborately carved, four wheeled wagon, to which are harnessed the mounted skeletons of a pair of horses, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say ponies, whose bones were found in the mound near the ship. This pony phaeton of a thousand years ago would seem to indicate they had good roads even at that early day in Norway.

Christiania Fjord

Friday, July 11.

Maud, Marian, and I visited some of the shops this morning. One of their specialties here is beautiful, enameled jewelry and silverware. We bought a few small pieces to give to friends at home. Then we went to the Art Gallery. It contains some very fine paintings by Norwegian artists, but nothing of importance by foreigners. In one room are a number of pictures by J. C. C. Dahl that are quite good. Edward Munch's works are very modern in style and rather disappointing. Hans Gude paints well and especially worthy of notice are his "Christiania Fjord" and "Reindeer Hunter." Otto Sinding chose for his subjects the majestic scenery of the Lofoten Islands, and later on we hope to see if he is true to nature. This afternoon the boys and I went up to call on Captain Stephensen. Found him at home and after a short visit we all walked down through the Palace Grounds. There are beds of beautiful flowers in the grounds and during the summer, the public is allowed to enter freely, a privilege thoroughly enjoyed by the people.

Our hotel is quite good, but lacks modern plumbing. Maud and Marian have a room that faces the Eidsvold-Plads and the Na-

tional Theatre, and with a little practice they might toss a laurel wreath upon the heads of the colossal, bronze statues of Ibsen and Bjornson that stand below their balcony. The boys and I have rooms on the other side of the house, facing the "Tivoli," a very popular summer garden. This afternoon we went for another trip on the fjord. It was a pleasant day and we enjoyed the ride immensely. Afterwards, Captain Stephensen dined with us, and I hope he enjoyed the meal as much as we did.

Sunday, July 13.

Went to Mass at St. Olaf's Church this morning. The stained glass windows represent some saints whose names I have never before heard. There was St. Eisfein, St. Sunniva, St. Haljardus, St. Thorfinus, and St. Olavus. The last, of course, is St. Olaf, King of Norway, but who were the other holy people? St. Sunniva is represented as a fair maiden with "a crown upon her forehead," but lacking "a harp within her hands." Instead, she carries a bunch of lilies and wears a green mantle, all powdered with golden shamrocks. Was she the daughter of an Irish King? After lunch, we went up to Holmenkollen (1400 ft.), from which

Lake Mjosen

point there is a fine view of the city of Christiania and of the fjord. While the rest of the family were partaking of light refreshments on the terrace in front of the restaurant, I went on up to the Sanatorium in search of a man, who came over in the ship with us and that rumor says is sick and stopping at that place, but I did not find him there, nor at the neighboring Tourist Hotel. In front of the latter I saw a lofty "bautasten" that commemorates a visit of Emperor William II., and King Oscar II., to the place on July 2, 1890, and yet we laugh at "Johnnie Green" for scribbling his name on the face of the Town Hall clock.

Monday, July 14.

We left Christiania at eight o'clock this morning and an hour later were at Eidsvold, where we transfered to the steamboat that plys Lake Mjösen, "Norway's inland sea," which, the guide book tells us, "is sixty-two miles long, about nine miles across at its widest point and immensely deep" (1482 ft.). It lies between fertile regions that are pleasing but rather tame. The first large town passed was Hamar, near which are the ruins of a cathedral that dates from 1152, when a bishopric was founded here by the

papal nuncio, Nicholas Breakspeare, an Englishman, afterwards Pope Adrian IV. It was destroyed by the Swedes in 1567, but the four remaining round arches of the nave, resting on massive piers, are most picturesque. Passing Gjovik, a small town on the western shore of the lake, that is a railway terminus, we at last came to Lillehammer, at the upper end of "Norway's inland sea." The ride on the boat was delightful, not the least attractive part of it being the dinner aboard, at which we had some of the trout for which the lake is famous. It was very hot at Lillehammer, so we did not go to see Per Gynt's Stue, which is one of the sights of the place, instead we sat in the shade and stewed until the train came. We were hardly seated in the car before a very welcome shower began, rain, sunshine, and a rainbow all at the same time, that cooled the atmosphere most delightfully. Our route was up the Gudbrandsdal, named after Gudbrand, the heathen adversary of St. Olaf the King. The natives of this valley are said to be "high spirited, and prone to cling to old customs." They are chiefly occupied in breeding horses and cattle. The buckskin ponies, with a dark stripe down their back, that are raised in this neighborhood, are esteemed highly all over

Ruins of Hamar Cathedral

Norway. After passing Tretten and Vinstra, small places of no importance, we came to Otta, where, for the present, the railway ends and where we are to pass the night. It was near this place on the 26th of August, 1612, that Colonel Ramsay and Captain Sinclair with nine hundred Scottish soldiers, who were trying to force their way through Norway to join the Swedes, then at war with Norway, were intercepted by Norwegian peasants and nearly all killed. The Norwegians still sing a song that commemorates the event. Having heard the song several times and being attracted by it, I asked what it was about and was given the following verses, which are said to be a translation:

SINKLARVISEN.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus:
God help thee, chief! from the Norway glaive,
No other defender can save us.

On Romsdal coast has he landed his host,
And lifted the flag of ruin;
Full fourteen hundred of mickle boast,
All eager for Norway's undoing.

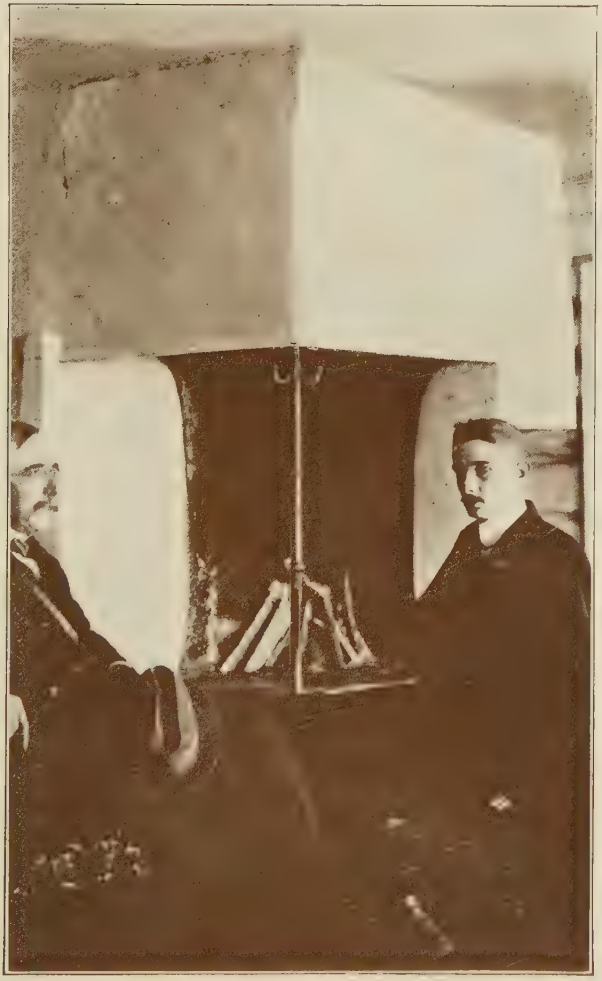
They scathe, they ravage wherever they light,
Or truth or justice unheeding;
They spare not the old for his locks so white,
Nor the widow for her pleading.

They slew the babe on his mother's arm,
As he smiled so sweet on his foeman:
But the cry of woe was the war alarm,
And the shriek was the warrior's omen.

And all of Lesso, and Vog, and Lom,
With axes full sharp on their shoulders,
To Bredeboyd in a swarm are gone,
To fight with the Scottish soldiers.

The first shot hit the fierce Sinclair right,
He fell with a groan full grievous;
The Scotts beheld their bold leader's plight,
Then cried they: "Saint Andrew, receive us!"

At the station we were met by the manageress and porter of the Bjorkheim Hotel, who politely escorted us to the house, where we were shown our rooms, which, although small, were clean and comfortable. After supper we took a walk up along the banks of the Otta, a broad, brawling stream that here empties into the Lougen from the west.



At Stueflaaten

Maud and Marian counted twenty-five varieties of flowers during our walk. Tomorrow we continue our journey to the Romsdal by automobile.

Tuesday, July 15.

Last night at ten o'clock, when I went to bed, it was still light enough to read a newspaper and this morning, when I awoke, it was broad daylight. On looking at my watch I found that it was just four o'clock. As the only sound to be heard was the gurgling of the river, I rolled over and went to sleep for a couple of hours. After an early breakfast we started on our trip to Aandalsnaes. Just out of town we passed the Daanofos, (Thunderfall). Close by there is an extensive establishment for the manufacturing of tombstones and the slate from which they are made is so plentiful that slabs of it are used to fence in the yard of a nearby church. Soon the river becomes a torrent and the valley, quite Alpine in appearance. Farms cease and only an occasional log hut, roofed with turf, is seen. On top of one, a woman was mowing the grass, but whether it was to improve the roof or for the sake of the hay, we could not find out. Near Lesjeverk there is a lake which is the source of the Lougen, that flows

south-east into the Skager-Rack, while from its northern end issues the Rauma, that enters the Molde Fjord and so the North Atlantic Ocean. We stopped at Stueflaaten for lunch. In the parlor of the hotel was one of those odd, corner fireplaces that seem to be peculiar to Norway. The chimney is built in the corner and the two sides that project into the room, are supported at the angle by a perpendicular iron bar that rests on the built up hearth below. Except for the fact that it was whitewashed, it looked like an old time blacksmith's forge, where I used to get my pony shod when I was a boy. Soon after leaving Stueflaaten we entered a more picturesque part of the Romsdal and at the same time it began to rain. It was too bad, for the scenery is really fine, with cliffs and waterfalls everywhere. Some of them seemed to be coming right out of the clouds and down on our heads; in fact, it was hard to say whether it was spray from the falls or just plain rain that was soaking through our waterproofs. At Flatmark we stopped for a while to get out of the wet. While I stood on the hotel porch dripping, out came a jolly faced Englishman, who was wondering if it was too wet to go fishing. He asked in what part of America I lived? And when I informed him,

The Romsdalshorn

he said he had been in Omaha in July, 1873, and had stopped at the Grand Central Hotel. When I told him I was living at that very same hotel at that time, he thought it "Jolly strange" and right away wanted me to stop over for a day at Flatmark, for, said he, "it's a very decent place, and I'll show you some good trout fishing," but I could not stop and so we parted. By the time we got to the narrowest and grandest part of the valley with the mountains towering above us, on the right the pointed Romsdalshorn and on the left the many pinnacled Troldtinder, the rain began to let up a bit, but we were wet and cold so I told our chauffeur to hurry on to our stopping place.

Wednesday, July 16.

Last night on arriving at the Grand Hotel, Aandalsnaes, finding it cold and cheerless, I thought it the most dismal place I had ever seen; but after supper the boys and I went into the smoking room, where there was a fire. Later, some Americans came in, among them Professor Naylor, whom I had met before, and soon we were chatting away quite gaily and we did not get to bed until near midnight. This morning, after a good night's rest, we all feel better, so we took

the boat to Molde. Shortly after leaving "Naes" we got a peep of the Romsdalshorn, called for short the "Hornet," but most of the mountains were hidden behind clouds. On the way down the Fjord we stopped at several small places and by the time we arrived at Molde the sun was shining, but clouds hung all day above the peaks on the opposite side of the Fjord. Molde is beautifully situated on the green-clad hills at the foot of a mountain and overlooks a smiling bay dotted with many islands. We had dinner at the Hotel Alexandra and I must say it was very good for Norway, for while none need starve in this country, the fare is not always tempting. Up near the Grand Hotel, which is at the other end of the town from our stopping place, there is a beautiful garden full of fruits and flowers. Among the fruits I noticed currants, gooseberries, strawberries, pears, and apples, all fine, save the last. Among the flowers the roses were especially noticeable, as they were of many sorts and colors. At six o'clock in the evening we took an auto for Battenfjordsoren, where we caught the eight o'clock boat for Christianssund, arriving there after ten o'clock, but it was still daylight and the streets were full of people. We found good rooms reserved

Aandalsnaes

for us at the Grand Hotel and, as the day had been tiresome, we did not spend much time in sightseeing but went to bed.

Thursady, July 17.

Left Christianssund in a small steam boat at eight o'clock this morning bound for Trondhjem. Christianssund is a very modern city in every sense of the word, and owes its prosperity to the fish trade. Our boat keeps to the inland passage, which is protected from the sea and rough weather by a belt of islands, so the trip is pleasant in more ways than one. All along the route are small settlements and from them men and boys put out in little boats to take freight and passengers. At some places the steamer would stop in the offing and a boat would come out with the mail and occasionally a passenger. Once it was a lone German with his pack on his back. At another place the boat came out empty but carried back a family of five, with all their bags and boxes. At some points, where the water was deep, we would run along side a wharf and unload a couple of barrels of flour or take aboard a pig or a cow. A little past noon we had dinner aboard, and it was a very good meal indeed. Along in the afternoon we came to

the entrance of Trondhjem Fjord, which, by the way, is guarded by several forts, some of whose large guns were visible. The atmosphere had a rosy tinge in it and down from the north came a fleet of boats rigged with big, square sails like the Viking ships of old. In fact they are their degenerated descendents, that bring down cargoes of fish and firewood from the Nordland. It recalled Longfellow's poem,

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ship went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim Fjord.

Longfellow uses the German name of Trondhjem but it is doubtful whether it is an improvement on the Norwegian form. Nearly a millenium has past since Olaf Tryggvesson, after years of Viking roving, returned from England to claim his crown and convert his countrymen to Christianity. He changed his residence from the old heathen centre of Lade to the little peninsula at the south of the River Nid, and there founded a city

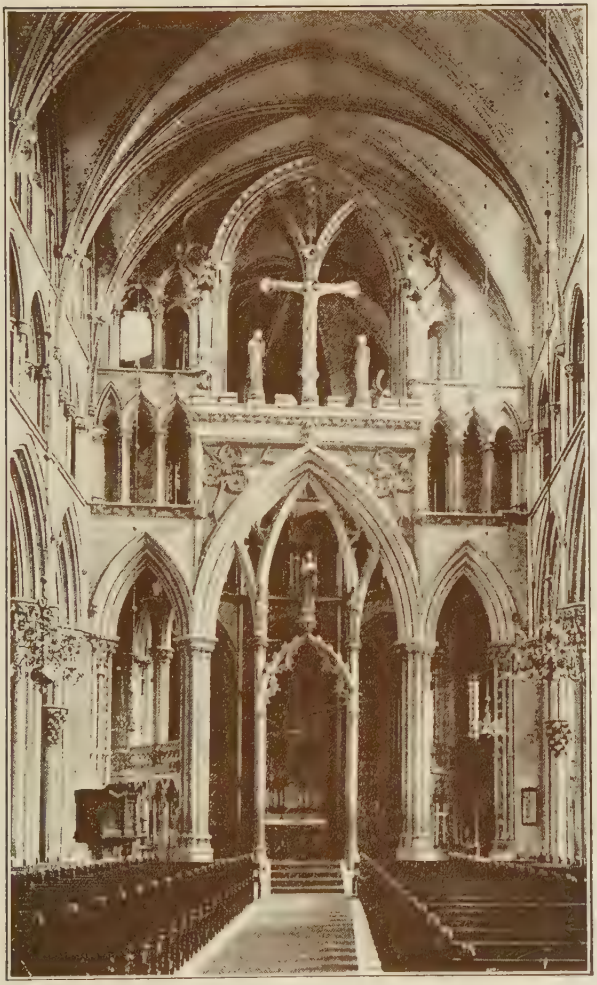
Passing Munkholm

called Nidaros, now Trondhjem. As soon as our boat made fast to the pier we landed and, after turning our baggage over to the porter, walked up to the Britannia Hotel.

Friday, July 18.

Although Olaf Tryggvesson is one of the grandest figures in Norwegian history, "the wildly beautifullest man," as Carlyle says of him, "in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the north," his efforts at Christianizing his fellow countrymen were not wholly successful. It was left for another Olaf to accomplish that and make Trondhjem famous, Olaf Haraldsson, the "Thickset," afterwards Olaf, the Saint, the St. Olave, from whom so many churches in England get their names. This king was a zealous Christian and went about his dominion inculcating his doctrines with the sword, and, as a result he perished by the sword. He fell in battle with his rebellious subjects at Stiklestad, July 29, 1030. When all was over, some of his faithful followers secretly carried his body to Trondhjem and hurriedly buried him in a sand heap on the spot where the Cathedral now stands. The dead man was more powerful than the living one. Reports begin to be circulated of wonderful

things that happened to those who touched the body of the dead king. The lame walked and the blind could see! A "fair" well had gushed forth beside his grave, by means of whose waters many were cured of their ills. The feelings of the people changed, the tyrant had become a saint. His body was exhumed, found undecayed, with a life-like expression on the face, and with every sign of being miraculously preserved. When his son, Magnus the Good, was elected king, in pious reverence for his father's memory, he built a church and placed the body in a silver reliquary on its altar, and ever since there has been a church there, although the silver reliquary has long ago disappeared. The present Cathedral is built of greenish soapstone, relieved by slender shafts of light colored marble, somewhat after the style of Salisbury Cathedral in England. The most remarkable part of the church is the "High Choir," a large, apsidal erection to the east of the chancel, somewhat after the style of Becket's Crown at Canterbury. In it, where now stands the communion table, formerly stood the silver shrine of St. Olaf, that at the time of the Reformation was taken to Copenhagen. Around this space was erected a stone screen



St. Olaf's Shrine

between the octagonally arranged pillars that support the superstructure, save in front. Back of this screen is a beautifully vaulted passage, with three small chapels, and in a small recess in one of the buttresses to the right is the famous well, but it is guarded from the inquisitive by an iron gate. The arch connecting this choir with the chancel is one of the characteristic beauties of the Cathedral, but whether it was originally adorned with statuary, after the style of a rood screen, is to be questioned. The Chancel is said to stand on the foundation of Olaf Kyrre's church, a stone edifice built in 1066 to replace the one, probably of wood, built by Magnus. The transepts, which are without aisles, are Anglo-Norman in style and of earlier date than the choir, but the tower is Gothic and very beautiful. The nave was the most modern part of the Cathedral, dating from 1248. It was also the most magnificent part of the building, but it has been a ruin for over three hundred years: however, it is now being restored.

Saturday, July 19.

This morning we went aboard the "Haakon Jarl" for our trip north. As we steamed out of the harbor we passed quite near

Munkholm, the island of the Monks. In olden days, before the year 1000, it was used as a place of execution. Olaf Tryggvesson hung up the heads of Haakon Jarl and his faithless thrall Karker on a gibbet there.

"At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging,
One is Jarl Haakon's and one is his thrall's,
And the people are shouting from windows and walls,
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women."

Thus Longfellow describes the victory of Olaf in 995, but at the time the island was uninhabited, so the "singing priests" is a poetic license. It was Canute of Denmark and England who founded the Benedictine cloister there in 1028 and the first monks were Englishmen. In the round tower of the fortress on the island, which was erected in 1658, the Danish statesman Count Griffenfeldt was confined for twenty-one years during the reign of Christian V.

Sunday, July 20.

When I went on deck this morning the captain told me to awaken the family as

The Hullet

we would soon be at the famous island of Torghatten, so named because it looks like a big hat floating on the sea. We landed on the east side of the island and scrambled up a rough path to the "Hullett" (hole), a huge, natural tunnel through the mountain, over four hundred feet above the beach, but which was evidently excavated by the sea before it was above the surface of the waves. The height of the opening at the eastern end is about sixty-five feet, at the western end two hundred and forty-six feet. Total length five hundred and thirty-five feet; breadth thirty-five to fifty-six feet. The view of the sea below, as seen through this gigantic telescope, is very striking. No wonder the Vikings of old, sailing by and looking up through it to the sky beyond, said it was the "Gate" through which the Valkyries dragged up the heroes to Valhalla.

The Northland is a land of romance. The fishermen, sailing along the coast in storm and mist, hearing the screams of sea-birds, the shriek of the wind, and the roar of the waves, could easily fancy the powers of death were in pursuit. The "draug" in his half-boat was beside them; they could hear his mocking laugh when their barque cap-

sized and the crew with benumbed hands clung to the upturned keel.

In the light summer nights the shapes of the mountains and islands of the coast are softened and subdued by the mysterious twilight. The imaginative peasants see in seven mountains in a row seven sisters turned to stone. An island with a fantastically shaped peak on it becomes a horseman with his cloak fluttering in the wind, galloping southward in his passionate ardor to carry off the maids of Lekon. Then there are real historical places. Another island we passed this afternoon was Thjoto, once the home of Haarek of Thjoto, a well known character in old Norse history. It lies near the mouth of the beautiful Vefsenfjord, which we ascended to deliver freight and land passengers at Mosjoen, a place where there are large saw mills.

Monday, July 21.

We found ourselves, this morning near the head of the well-timbered Ranenfjord, at a town with the abbreviated name of Mo, which in the Norwegian language means a sandy plain. It is quite a busy little place; is a shipping point for iron-ore brought from the interior, and, in addition,

Svartisen

has a large boat-building yard, where from six to eight hundred "Ranenbaads" are turned out annually. These boats, which with their high bows and sterns recall the shape of the Venetian gondolas, are considered typical national crafts. They are used mostly for fishing, but when occasion demands, if not too dingy, make very picturesque pleasure crafts with their gaily painted sides of green and red. After unloading some flour and taking aboard a couple of "Ranenbaads," which were to be delivered further up the coast, we steamed down to the mouth of the fjord, and resumed our journey northward.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we passed Hestmando, but did not get a sight of the famous horseman, as it was foggy. Near here we crossed the Arctic Circle and entered the polar zone. Along towards six in the evening we steamed into Holandsfjord and ran up close to the Svartisen. Why it is called black ice I cannot imagine, for it is as white as any other glacier. At the head of this narrow fjord, which in some places is not over three hundred yards wide and has very high, rocky sides, we found a large excursion steamer, the Thalia, at anchor. Running alongside of her we dropped

our anchor just as supper was announced. After supper we landed in the small boats, and walked along a rocky path to the foot of the glacier, which, if I am not mistaken, is called the Fondalsbrae, and is only one of seven arms that come down from the Svartisen, a vast snow field forty miles long and half as broad. It was fine to see the great blue cracks in the white sea of ice and at one place there was a huge arch from under whose blue depths rushed a foaming river. Quite a number of people from the tourist steamer were scrambling up over the glacier. They were a well-behaved crowd, very polite, if one might judge from the frequency with which we heard "merci" and "pardon," but their fine clothes and high-heeled shoes were better suited for Paris boulevards than for Arctic ice. A couple of natives had stretched a rope up over the glacier, for the use of which and a pair of ice irons to strap on your shoes they charged half a krone. Raphael tried the experiment of going up over the ice to the first large crevasse, but, as the strap to one of his irons broke and he had no alpenstock to hold him up in his descent, he came down very gracefully on all fours. The rest of the family were satisfied by merely stepping on the ice and back again

Svolvaer

to terra-firma. But, after all, the view of the glacier as seen from the ship, was the grandest sight of the kind that I have ever witnessed. It was not alone the magnificent river of ice that impressed one, but the vast field beyond, showing above the clouds, with the sunlight shining upon it, and away above all, a white, glittering dome, which we watched from below in the twilight.

Tuesday, July 22.

On awaking this morning we found ourselves at Bodo, quite a town for the Arctic Zone. It has over forty-seven hundred inhabitants, good stores, a nice-looking hotel, a large church, and several fine buildings. The quays are of stone and a massive sea-wall protects the harbor. The midnight sun is seen here from May thirtieth till July twelfth, and for the corresponding period in winter they have no sun at all, but at that time they use electricity to light the streets. Luckily electricity is cheap here, owing to the abundance of water power. At this season of the year it is hard to realize that we are in 67° 17′ north latitude. During the afternoon we crossed the Vestfjord to the Lofoten Islands, a chain of half submerged, rocky peaks that, beginning in up-

per Norway, extend two hundred kilometers southwest, out into the north Atlantic Ocean. The first place we touched at was Reine, a poor, little settlement in a most desolate region: nothing but rocks, that rise like saw-teeth from the stormy sea and are naked, save for a few patches of greenish-brown moss. I say naked, but that means of soil or verdure, for even this late in the summer the north flank of each mountain, where it is not too steep, is covered with snow and ice. As the evening was cold and disagreeable, I went to bed.

Wednesday, July 23.

It is bright and sunny this morning, so I feel better. As soon as we made fast to the wharf at Svolvaer I took a short walk about the town. There are some quite nice houses here and even several gardens with shrubs and a few small trees in them, but I do not think it will ever amount to much as a place to raise fruit or even as a popular summer resort. These islands owe their prosperity, I might almost say their habitability, to the fisheries, which are mentioned by writers as early as nine hundred years ago. The fishing is carried on from mid-January till April in the Vestfjord, to which

Raftsund

the cod, from the depths of the Atlantic, come to spawn. So dense are the schools, as they move in serried ranks one hundred feet or more below the surface of the water, that the lead, when thrown, actually rests on the bodies of the fishes and does not sink to the bottom. In good years as high as forty-six millions of fish are caught that are worth over eight million krones. Towards the middle of the afternoon we entered the Raftsund, the grandest of the Lofoten straits, flanked with huge mountains, that are furrowed by deep ravines. After proceeding up this magnificent water-way for a few miles we turned into the Troldfjord, a narrow bay enclosed by abrupt rocks that rise to a stupendous height. It ends beneath several snow-filled gorges and there was barely room for our steamer to turn about. Our old captain, with evident pride, told me there was "only one Troldfjord in Norway and nothing like it in the world," and I believe he is quite right.

Thursday, July 24.

Today we have been passing through some fine arctic scenery, up a broad waterway between snow-capped mountains. It seems to be a thoroughfare of commerce and we have

passed a number of large freight steamers from Russia, piled high with deck loads of timber. The trees are cut in the far interior and floated down the rivers that empty into the White Sea. These steamers mostly load at Archangel and carry their freight to England and Germany. Even this far north there are farms. At one place they were quite large, say forty acres each, and while the houses are small they look comfortable. The crops seemed to be rye and potatoes. The grain is cut green and hung upon frames or stakes to ripen. A gentleman aboard said that rye and oats when mixed seemed to give a better crop than when either was planted alone. He also told me that each of these farmers had from twenty to forty cows, but that at this time of the year they were up at the saters in the mountains; that there the grass was good now and that the women in charge milked the cows and made cheese and butter for winter use. He also said the potatoes were small, as they cut the tops for fodder.

Friday, July 25.

We stopped at Tromso early this morning, but I was not up in time to see the place. Later on we saw some grand scenery as the

TROLDFJORD

steamer passed the entrance to Lyngenfjord. We are now in Lapland. Finmarken, as it is called by the Norwegians, takes its name from the Finns, or, as they are now generally called, the Lapps. They are the extreme northwest branch of the Mongolian race and have lived here from time immemorial. Today, these skin-clad nomads lead their wandering lives just as their ancestors did in prehistoric times. During the night of winter, when the Northern lights flicker and flash in green and yellow and red, the "Mountain Lapp" on his "ski" speeds across the snow sheet that covers the plateau; or, hitching the fleet footed reindeer to the low, little "pulk," in which he sits warmly wrapped in furs, goes flying over the snow-clad hills behind his antler-crowned steed. He lives with and on the reindeer. He tends the large herds of tame deer with the aid of his small dogs, that are always his faithful, clever companions and in return the herd gives him food, clothing and all else he needs. Down on the coast, however, the Lapp is stationary, and lives in a little, dark, one room, sod hut called a "gammer," and makes his precarious living by fishing or working for the Norwegians. After dinner we arrived at Hammerfest, often called the

"most northern town in the world." Although our steamer was made fast bow on, by a line to the dock, we had to land by means of small boats. The town is not much of a place but is resorted to by ships of all nations. We saw many Lapps and Russians on the streets. The Lapps wear blue cloth blouses trimmed with red and a queer cap with a square crown of the same colors. This, of course, is their summer costume, for in winter, according to all accounts, they dress in skins. They are a dirty looking lot, but seem almost immaculate when compared with the Russian sailors. Up on the hill back of the town there is a cafe, whence can be obtained a fine view of the harbor. Noticing a monument over on the right side of the harbor, after descending the hill, we walked around to see what it represented. We found that it was a small granite column surmounted by a bronze globe and on the base was an inscription stating that it "marked the northern end of a meridian measured by Norwegian, Swedish, Russian and Austrian scientists in 1816-52."

Lapp in Reindeer Sled

Saturday, July 26.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

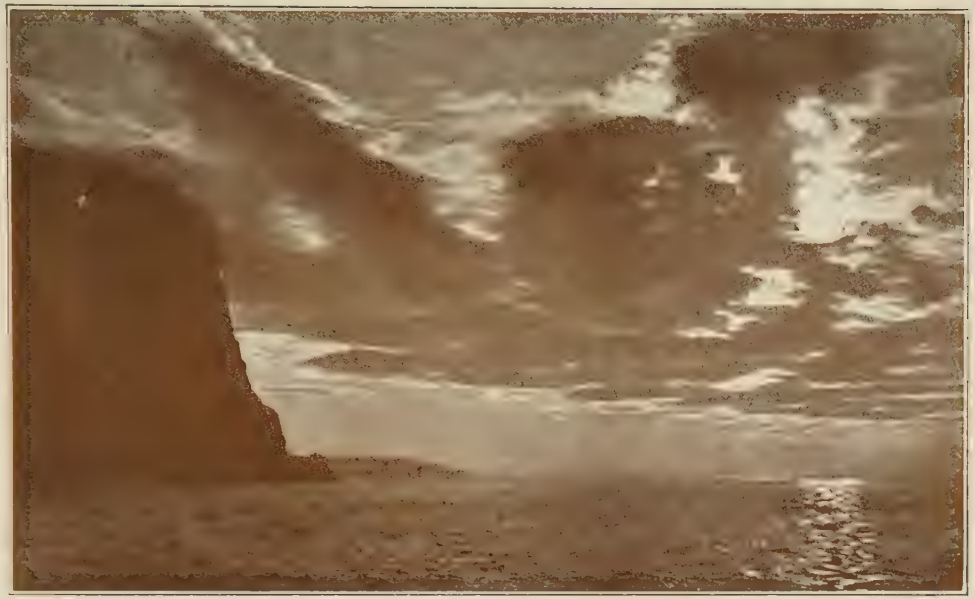
"And then uprose, before me,
Upon the waters edge
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward
Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

We came up on the east side of the North Cape, for it is on an island and you can sail around it, but we could not land on account

of the sea being so rough. First the Captain said it was too windy to land, then he changed his mind, said he would try, and ran up to within a mile of the cape. Finally, after watching the spray dashing up against the rocks for a few minutes, he gave it up and putting the ship about, ran before the wind towards the south east. After passing the cape there is little to see except bare, rocky hills and an occasional lone "gammer" of a Lapp fisherman. The weather was bright but cold and windy. Along in the middle of the afternoon we passed some cliffs that were the nesting place of thousands of sea-birds and when the steamer's whistle was sounded they flew forth from the ledges, nooks and crannies in clouds, making a great clamor as they circled over head. Soon after passing these cliffs we sighted the steamer "Sverre Sigurdsson" on its return trip. As the boat was heading into the wind, it was rolling considerably and after the experience of our run up to the cape this morning, for the sake of the family, I am glad we are not aboard, but in this old tub running before the wind. We stayed up on deck and saw the midnight sun, but at midnight it did not look very different from the sun half an hour before



North Cape

sunset on any winter evening at home, except that it was due north and instead of finally sinking below the horizon, it began to rise again.

Sunday, July 27.

Vardo, where we now are, has quite a good harbor, enclosed at one end by a fine old stone sea-wall that connects a small island to the larger one on which the town is built. At the other side of the harbor there is also a wall with quite a picturesque old light house on the end near the entrance of the port. If the commerce of the place keeps on increasing, they will soon have to enlarge the harbor, for it is quite full of vessels of all sorts. After breakfast we landed, by means of a small boat, and found the town very dirty. Most of the houses are of timber, roofed with birch bark overlaid with sod, which is now quite green. The objectionable feature is that back of almost every house there is a "hjelder" for drying fish and generally, as a result, a heap of fish heads and the like near by that smell powerfully. It is said that these heads, boiled with moss, are fed to the horses and cows during the winter. We walked past the church and around to the old fortress

of Vardohus, founded in 1310 and to which Norway once owed her hold of Finmarken, but now garrisoned by only sixteen men. Never the less, when I tried to mount to the parapet to look at some field guns that were in place there, I was halted by one of the sixteen, who insisted on acting as our escort and by pantomime showed us where we could, and where we should not go. He finally brought us to a box, which, after unlocking, he opened, to show a beam on which were carved the names of Christian IV., of Denmark (1599), Oscar II., of Sweden, Haakon VII., of Norway, and Queen Maud. Of course the above named gentlemen, for lack of something better to do in Vardo, may have taken out their jack-knives and cut their names in that old log, just to pass the time away, but you can't make me believe that the lady, no matter how accomplished she may be, could handle edged tools with such skill. Why, the curve of the M is cut across the grain of the hard wood as smoothly as an engraver could put it on a copper plate. Towards evening our good ship steamed on to the town of Vadso, which has an excellent harbor, but, as there was nothing to see except cod fish hanging on frames to dry, we did not go ashore.

Family of Lapps

Monday, July 28.

We are now at Kirkenes, which is as far as this steamer goes. Kirkenes owes its importance to mines somewhere in the back country, from which a narrow guage railway brings the ore here to be smelted. Shortly after our arrival a number of the passengers hired a fishing smack for a trip to Russia. It is not a long trip and we all wanted to be able to say we had been in that country, otherwise I don't believe any of us would have gone. Our craft, in addition to its sails, was provided with a motor that was concealed somewhere below decks and occasionally made itself heard through the exhaust. Originally the vessel was not intended for carrying passengers but fish, so the accommodations were not luxurious nor over clean. We sailed away up the Bogfjord some sixteen miles to Elvenaes, where we landed near an old saw mill. From there we walked up the Pasvik-Elv over a rough path to the Russian Chapel of Boris-Gleb, which is on the left bank of the Pasvik about four or five kilometers south of our landing place. It is a little, neglected hamlet, near a large church, and the inhabitants are mostly Lapps. When we arrived at the place the priest was saying Mass in a small

chapel near the grave-yard and all the inhabitants, who seemed very devout, were with him. We waited a while until the people came out and the priest followed them. He was a very old man with a long, snow-white beard, so we all took off our hats to show our respect to him and when he politely returned the compliment by removing his cap I noticed he was quite bald. He wore a brown blouse over a light blue cassock or gown. On his breast was a large metal cross that hung from a chain about his neck and in his hand he carried a staff of dark wood that was inlaid with bone or ivory. We had some difficulty in making him understand that we wished to see the interior of the large church near by, but finally he sent a man to unlock the door and show us about. The church is a remarkably fine building to be in such an isolated spot. It is built in the Russian style, with five domes that are surmounted by double crosses, chained to the roof. Inside, the main part of the church is very plain but there is a high wooden screen across the chancel that is richly gilded and has some quite good paintings on it. This screen shuts off the sanctuary from the main part of the church but has doors in front of the altar

In Vardo Harbor

that are probably opened when the priest is saying Mass. The paintings on the screen represent our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Archangels, Michael and Gabriel. On pedestals at each side, in elaborately decorated gilt frames, are holy ikons, one of Christ, the other of His Mother. There are also several silk banners hanging from poles and a number of large brass candlesticks, with very small candles in them, in front of the screen. Finally, there is a pair of great stoves, built of masonry and tiles; one on each side of the church, that while not ornamental are probably very useful. Through a side door I got a peep behind the screen and noticed that the altar was low and so placed that the priest had to face the congregation when saying Mass. It was rather a long and rough walk there and back but all our party, which included a number of women and two small children, made the journey without accident. Maud was pretty well used up, however, by the time she got back to the boat. From Kirkenes we returned to Vardo, from which place we begin our return trip.

Tuesday, July 29.

The Midnight Sun is something of a

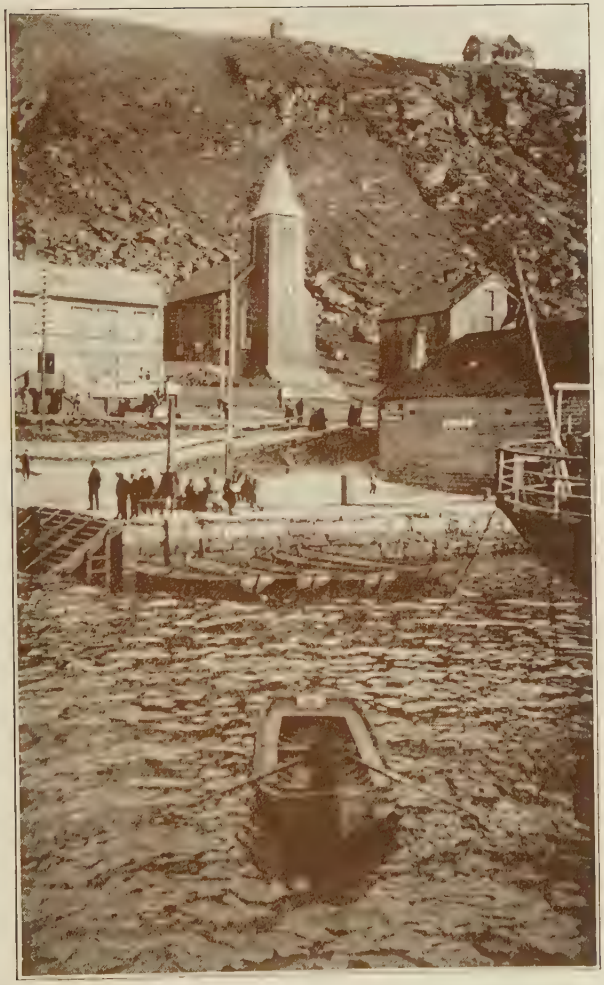
fraud. I stayed up last night to see it but the sky remained cloudy along the horizon and the orb of day went below the cloud banks. Of course it was light enough to read, but the sun was not visible for from half an hour before until the same time past midnight. Last Saturday night was the only time he has been a real good sport and stayed up with the boys. Well, tonight will be our last chance, for after July 30th, even at the North Cape he begins to sink below the horizon. About June the twentieth or after is the best time to see the Midnight Sun, for he is then at the highest point above the horizon, the spring storms are past and it is not so apt to be cloudy. However, as it is cloudy most of the time up here, it is only a lucky chance if people, who come in the Tourist steamers, see the Midnight Sun at all, for the boats arrive at the Cape about ten o'clock at night, if on time, and depart four hours later. At the various little settlements at which our boat stops the principal freight taken aboard is dried cod fish. Usually a barge comes along side with a load of a hundred or more bales of dried fish, and as these bales weigh over two hundred pounds apiece, the donkey engine has to do the rest. Besides this, there has to be a

Boris-Gleb

man to run the engine and another to hook on the bales; and the fellow that was attending to the latter service at a place where we stopped at about four o'clock this morning awoke me by singing Annie Laurie. It was in Norwegian but I recognized the air and listening could catch the lady's name. If it were not for the fish in the adjacent sea, this country would be uninhabitable. Most of the fishermen seem to use set lines, to which are attached a great many short hook lines about six feet apart, and at the end of the line they fasten a buoy made of a stick of wood six to ten feet long, to which are attached, by means of nets, several hollow glass balls of various colors. Of course a glass ball does not soon loose its buoyancy and by having a certain combination of colors each man can easily identify his lines. Then another probable advantage is that the light reflected from the glass is visible a long way off and that makes them easier to find, if they drift away from the place where they were set. About four o'clock in the afternoon we rounded the Nordkyn, the most northerly point of the mainland of Europe, and soon we were heading to the south west.

Wednesday, July 30.

The "Guide Book" says, "The Tourist Steamers to the North Cape are comfortably fitted up; but the company is sometimes noisy." "The Express and Mail Steamers are more convenient for those wishing to explore the Nordland more thoroughly." I can add that they also are, sometimes very noisy and have other disadvantages, but our captain has been very accommodating and has done everything possible to make the trip pleasant. I would not advise travelers to go beyond the North Cape, for the life aboard the steamers becomes monotonous and the scenery is apt to pall. This morning, thank goodness, we are back at Hammerfest, which, I am afraid, we did not appreciate when we were here before, for it looks quite civilized now. After having taken aboard tons of cod fish, we pulled out at about three o'clock this afternoon bound for Tromso. About four or five hours later we passed the mouth of Lyngenfjord. The mountains, as seen from the ship, appear rugged and snow-capped. The light was peculiar. It was cloudy and everything, mountains, sky, and water looked blue, like a stage scene supposed to be in Fairy Land, save where the snow lay on the top of a dis-



Landing at Hammerfest

tant peak, or where a nearby hill was covered with green moss, and even those had a bluish tinge.

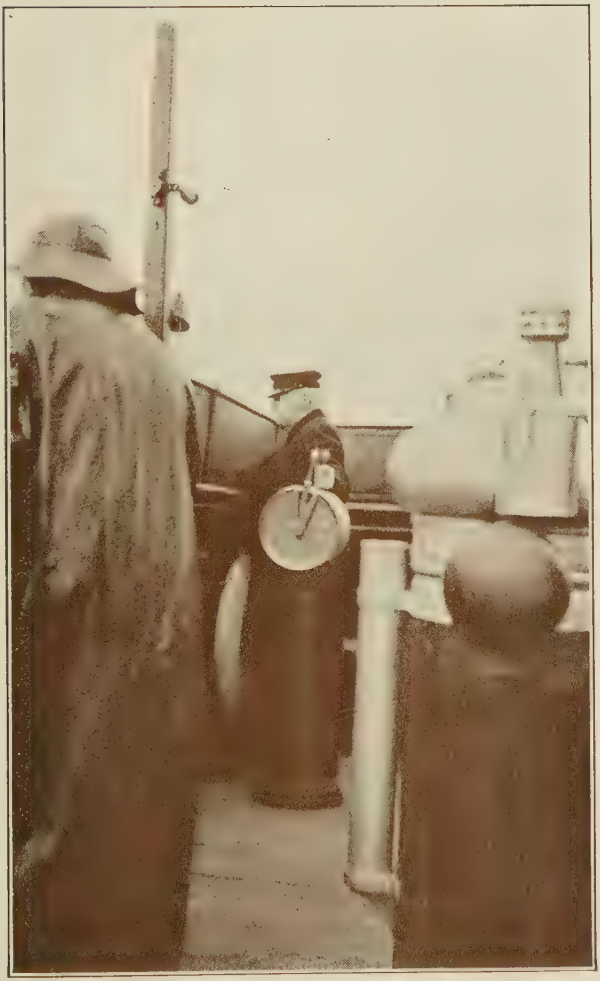
Tuesday, July 31.

I did not get a chance to see Tromso, as we arrived there at about two o'clock this morning and only remained for an hour. When I got up we were at a place called Gibostad and it was pleasant to see some trees again. The fare aboard the boat is good. We have all the fish we can eat at every meal. Today at dinner it was delicious trout. Then there are always various kinds of sausages and preserved meats, but the fresh meat is usually stringy, tough, and tasteless. In addition there are all kinds of canned fish: anchovies, sardines, pickled herring, and caviare. Among the Norwegian passengers these delicacies are very popular, with cheese, especially a brown variety made of goats' milk, that looks like a huge bar of Windsor soap and tastes as though it had been soaked in molasses and hung up to dry. At my first trial of that variety of cheese, I thought it was a joke, but, after a Norwegian friend had shown me how to cut it in thin slices and spread it on a piece of well-buttered bread, I learned to like it. Cap-

tain Steen of our boat is a fine old Norseman, with a kindly face and a cheerful word for everybody. He is suffering from some serious disease, for he told me he had undergone three different operations and still was enduring much pain. He has been in command of this ship for over twenty years but the first mate tells me that probably this will be the old gentleman's last voyage. Near Harstad, a thriving little town on the Island of Hindo, is the old church of Throndenaes, built in 1100 and for a long time the most northern place of Christian worship in Europe. We passed quite near it, just before entering the harbor, and had time permitted I should have liked to visit the old building, but we made only a short stop at Harstad, which is one of the prettiest places within the Arctic Circle and may some day become quite a summer resort.

Friday, August 1.

A little rough this morning. We are now back to Svolvaer in the Lofoten Islands. Took a walk about the town while they were loading up the boat with cod fish and numerous barrels of salt herrings. The herring is a very useful fish. From it almost anything that comes out of the sea can be manu-



Bridge of S. S. Haakon Jarl

factured. From small ones they make anchovies and sardines. The medium sized fish are put up as appetizers and pickled herrings, while the large ones are smoked, salted, or kippered. I have said so much about herrings lately that at breakfast Charles sprung a little rhyme which he had composed for the occasion:

Here's to the herring that lives in the sea
That girdless the globe, an iconoclast he.

He's made into anchovies, smelts, and sardines,
And Russian caviare by pressing through screens.

Is cheese made of goat's milk? You'd better go slow,
When the herring's around, you'll doubt it I know.

Saturday, August 2.

We are back to the town of Bodo this morning and the sun actually came out from behind the clouds for a while to give us a welcome. It was very fortunate we crossed the Vesterfjord last night instead of this morning for the sea looked rough outside the breakwater. They must have some bad

storms here in the winter, for they tell me the sea-wall is then often swept away by the waves.

Sunday, August 3.

Cloudy and rainy again today. About noon we got a distant view of Torghatten and it looked quite like a large hat afloat on the water, but before we reached the island, it was lost to sight in the fog. One of our passengers is a young Dane who speaks English, such as is learned from "First Lessons in the English Language." He can ask a number of questions, but does not readily understand the answer. To-day he told me he did not understand my English very well, because I spoke "with an American accent." Now that gives me something to think about.

Monday, August 4.

The sea was very rough last night and our little ship was tossed about in a fearful manner. Several times during the night I was awakened by a crash of crockery in the pantry, near by. As soon as it was light enough to see, I got up and looked out of the port-hole and the waves were indeed wonderful. They must have been fifteen feet high and as they dashed against the rocks

Torghatten

a great column of spray would fly up in the air. By breakfast time we were back in the shelter of the Skjaergaard. About the middle of the afternoon we landed on the Bratoren pier, Trondhjem, and now are back in our old rooms at the Britannia Hotel. After getting settled and glancing through the large bundle of letters that has been awaiting my return, I went over to Thomas Bennett & Sons and asked them to prepare for us an itinerary of a trip through the fjords to the south, only naming a few places we would like especially to see. Then I walked up to Kristiansten, the old, castellated fort on the hill back of the town. It is a primitive, rude affair, but, no doubt, has born the brunt of many a fierce attack in the stirring times that are recorded in Trondhjem's Saga.

Tuesday, August 5.

It rained hard last night and there have been several showers this morning. We spent the time walking about the streets, getting an occasional peep into the old houses of the town, so different from the modern ones here and in Bergen and Christiania. These houses, which are not so very ancient, are probably built after the same

plan as those mentioned in the Sagas. Of course none of them are much over a hundred years old, for this town, like most others in Norway, has been burned down at least a dozen times. The old houses here are built around a court, have a big doorway leading out into the street and only a few small windows high up, that look out on the thoroughfare. Therefore, I judge they are built on the same plan as the houses that existed in the town over nine hundred years ago, one of which houses is referred to in the following quotation from "Grettir's Saga," where an event that took place one afternoon, long ago, in the old town, is vividly described.

"It happened one day when Grettir and Arnbiorn were walking through some streets for their sport, that as they came past a certain court gate, a man bounded forth therefrom with axe borne aloft, and drave it at Grettir with both hands; he was all unawares of this, and walked on slowly; Arnbiorn caught timely sight of the man, and seized Grettir, and thrust him on so hard that he fell on his knee; the axe smote the shoulder-blade, and cut sideways out under the arm-pit, and a great wound it was. Grettir turned about nimbly, and drew the short-

S. S. Haakon Jarl

sword, and saw that there was Hiarandi. Now the axe stuck fast in the road, and it was slow work for Hiarandi to draw it to him, and in this very nick of time Grettir hewed at him, and the blow fell on the upper arm, near the shoulder, and cut it off; then the fellows of Hiarandi rushed forth, five of them, and a fight forthwith befell, and speedy change happened there, for Grettir and Arnbiorn slew those who were with Hiarandi, all but one, who got off, and forthwith went to the Earl to tell him these tidings." Grettir, let me add, was a tourist from Iceland and he had a hot time in the old town, if we may believe his Saga. As another thunder storm was threatening the family decided to go back to the hotel. Seeing the striped pole of a barber across the Market Square, I went over and entered the shop to avoid the rain and spend the time profitably by getting my hair washed and cut, for it had need for both, after the trip north. The barber did not speak English but he understood the sign language and when he had finished cutting my hair, I tried to make him realize that it needed a shampoo. Again success crowned my efforts and when he had got my head well lathered, by the same means, he made me understand

that I was to step over to a washstand and bend over it with my face in the bowl, which I did and waited for him to souse the water on the back of my neck, as they do in foreign parts, but I was hardly prepared for what happened. Grabbing me by the hair of my head so there was no escape, he turned on the water, which came with a rush from the bottom of the basin and hit me full in the face. It was ice cold and the effect was so startling that I nearly choked from the water I swallowed and never knew how the soap was removed from my locks; but, on recovering my composure, found it had been accomplished, much to the amusement of the barber and his barbarian companions, whose uproarious peals of laughter still could be heard even after I had slammed the door of the shop on making my exit. Well, thank Heaven that they are more civilized than they were nine hundred years ago. Never the less, of all the people in Europe, that I have seen, the inhabitants of Trondhjem, somehow, seemed the most like Americans. The men are tall, broad shouldered, with grave faces; their noses generally aquiline and their eyes and hair usually brown, blonds being the exception. While not given to mirth they seem to be extremely kind

Trondhjem's Wharves

and you hear little quarreling or noise. As to the women, well, I was constantly mistaking the younger ones for American girls. You see many oval shaped faces with small features, low foreheads, straight noses, and frank brown or gray eyes, set far apart beneath but slightly arched eyebrows; such a face as is often seen in Dublin or among the Puritan stock of New England. The same kind of a face artists love to give to Priscilla Mullen, when they paint a picture in which she appears. Can it be the typical face of women of the Norman Race, or is it a general type that is common to many nations?

Thursday, August 7.

At eight o'clock this morning we took the steamer for Christianssund on our way to Molde. The steamer is small but the dinner aboard was quite as good as on the large boats. For dessert we had delicious strawberries, all we could eat, and they brought in big pitchers of rich cream to pour over them. The captain is a good natured, ruddy faced, portly, old gentleman, who exerted himself to make it pleasant for us. He was accompanied in his walks about the deck by a couple of sedate setter dogs that followed at his heels as close as a pair of shadows.

We first proceeded down the Trondhjems Fjord until we passed the batteries at the entrance. Then the boat turned into Trondhjemsleden and passing between many beautiful islands came at last to Christianssund, a busy, growing town, that is built on the several islands about its harbor. Communication is kept up between these islets by means of small ferryboats that come and go every few minutes from a landing place near the dock to which our steamer made fast. The town is close to the open sea and is an important fish-market. On Skerpen, an outlying island to the north, are the drying places for the klipfish, which is like our dry, salt cod, and is mostly shipped to Spain and Portugal. Here we had to change to another boat that took us on to Battenfjord, where we landed and took autos for Molde. We arrived at the latter place a little after ten o'clock and got rooms at the Alexandra Hotel. Notwitshtanding the late hour it seemed quite lively, for the "Meteor," a large tourist boat was in the harbor and many of her passengers were lingering about the hotel or embarking at a nearby landing.

Friday, August 8.

Molde looks very attractive today. The

Christianssund Harbor

vegetation is so verdant and the mountains across the fjord are so distinctly visible. To be sure there have been several showers this morning, but the sun comes out so brightly after they are over! It really seems warm for the first time since the beginning of our trip to the North Cape. I was rather surprised, therefore, on looking at the thermometer to find that it stood at only sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Maud, Marian and I walked up on the hill back of the town and found some very pretty places, but whether they were just summer homes or all the year habitations we were unable to decide. At four o'clock in the afternoon we took a small steamer and crossed to Vestnaes. From there we went by auto, first along the Tresfjord by a highway built somewhat after the plan of a switchback railway and finally by a smooth road across the mountains to Soholt. The scenery along the way is quite pretty, especially during the descent to our stopping place, which is a small, rural village, whose inhabitants are extensively engaged in fishing and in farming as a diversion. Near our hotel is a field on the upper part of which men are busy cutting the scanty hay crop, which is carefully hung on the fence to dry; while on the edge near the water, are numerous

stacks of fish that are also drying under circular, roof-like covers.

Saturday, August 9.

We left Soholt after breakfast on a motor boat bound for Oie. The craft, which is manned or undermanned by a crew of two lads, about fourteen and sixteen years old, is seaworthy, but that is about all one can say in its favor, for a dirtier, greasier tub, it would be hard to find. Our only fellow passengers are a couple that hail from New Jersey, but who try to make us believe they live in New York City. We chugged along down the Nordfjord through a part of the Storfjord and turned into the Jorundfjord, which is one of the most superb in Norway and is quite different from the deep cut and upright walled canyons of most of the other fjords. Here you see picturesque ranges and mountains, some of them with alpine peaks, others with great notches ("skard"), while above are snow and glaciers. Turning into the Norangfjord, an arm of the Jorundfjord, we soon came to Oie, where we dined at the Union Hotel. This hotel seems to be quite a resort for mountain climbers. In a book, kept in the reading room for the purpose, a number of boobies have scribbled

Molde

their tales of how they made the ascent of the "Slogen" or some other peak.

Although the weather looked threatening, after dinner we took stolkjaerres for the drive to Hellesylt. About five kilometers from Oie up the Norangdal there is a lake that was formed May 28, 1908 by a landslide from the top of the Kjeipen, which dammed up the valley. The pond, formed by the dam is about six hundred and fifty yards long and, as we passed up along its shore, we could see down in the clear water the ruins of several houses, while, coming up out of the depths, at the upper end of the lake, we could see over a hundred yards of the old road. The boy who drove my cart told me he had often passed over this piece of road before the water was there. At Hellesylt we had supper after which we took a steamer for the Geiranger Fjord, noted for its bold cliffs and many waterfalls. The most famous of the latter are the "Seven Sisters," that fall from a perpendicular rock over a thousand feet high. Shortly after passing these beautiful waterfalls we came to Marok, where we landed. As there was only room for my wife and daughter in the hotel auto-buss, the boys and I walked up to the Union Hotel, which we found to

be quite a climb. From the porch, where we paused to rest, there is a fine view of the fjord and the near by Storfos. The enterprising proprietor of the hotel has utilized the waterfall to furnish electricity for lighting his house and grounds.

Sunday, August 10.

After breakfast we started by auto up the road to Grotlid. When Marian looked ahead, she asked where we were going. I told her, "Right up over the mountain you see in front of us." She would not believe me, and to tell the truth I was doubtful about it myself, it looked impossible. We began to ascend rapidly by zig-zags, turning corners that would have been impossible for a long American automobile but were easily negotiated by the dumpy little Adler car we were in. We passed stones marking an altitude of five hundred, eight hundred, and, finally, a thousand meters. This road is a wonderful piece of engineering and even in Switzerland it would be considered remarkable. We traveled some seventeen kilometers to reach the top of the mountain and then were less than six kilometers in a straight line from our starting place. Soon after passing the highest point we came to

Soholt

a large lake that is the source of the Otta, which empties into the Lougen, up which we traveled several weeks ago, when on our way to the Romsdal. After following the road along the banks of this lake for a couple of miles, we came to the rigs that were waiting to take us on to Grotlid, for the farmers of the district that we have now reached do not allow automobiles to travel over their roads. The hotel proprietor at Marok had promised he would have two carriages meet us here, but only one was a caleche, the other being an ordinary stolkjaerre. We all climbed out of the auto, which had to go back, and, after putting my family into the four-wheeler, I got into the cart, along with the Englishman who had already taken possession. Before we had gone far the boy who was driving, tried to show us some reindeer on the other side of the lake. He said there were half a dozen on the mountain side, but I could not see them, they being too far away and from the lack of interest displayed by the Englishman I doubt whether he saw them, although he said, "Yes! yes." At Grotlid we stopped for dinner, and when we resumed our journey we turned back, going up the Vatsvenddal, a valley that branches off to the west

from the one down which we had come. While passing a low ridge I happened to spy a small bunch of reindeer on some snow high up on the mountain side to our right and on turning a bend in the road we came in sight of a big herd of deer that were on a large snowfield lower down. I had the driver stop his horse, intending to wait until my family came along, so that I might call their attention to the herd, but immediately the Englishman jumped out of the cart and ran up the mountain side saying, "I'm going up to see those deer." I thought the poor "simp" had gone crazy, for they were at least a mile away, but as he would not come back when called, I got out my field glasses and watched the deer until the folks came along, when I called their attention to the unusual sight. In the meantime the Englishman had disappeared over the nearest ridge and after a short pause my family passed on, but I had to wait for the return of my companion. Soon the deer that were higher up began to move away, but the main herd remained quiet. At last the Englishman appeared on the snow quite near the herd, coming up to them from behind some rocks. When they finally discovered him and took alarm, it was a fine sight, as

Geiranger Fjord

they galloped across the snowfield and up the mountain side. When my companion returned he looked extremely hot and was pretty well blown. As he had no overcoat, I wrapped the old lap-robe about him and we hurried on to overtake the rest of our party. Near the top of the pass we had to stop to rest the horses and that gave us a chance to walk on a near by snowfield. At Videsaeter Hotel we had tea and saw the stuffed skin of a bear, that the woman in charge told us her husband had killed the previous winter. She also confided to me that her husband knew where there were three more that he intended to kill during the coming winter and, if I desired to go on a first class bear hunt, it would be the opportunity of my life. Although I may look like a first class bear hunter, it was not enough to induce me to stay over, even if in addition the view from the hotel was wonderful. From here our road is all down hill to Hjelle and a very fine road it is, but not quite equal to that at Morak. From Hjelle we took a boat on the Strynsvand for Mindre Sunde. On the boat an Englishman, of another breed than the one with whom I had been traveling, sought my company. He was spending a couple of weeks fishing for

salmon in the stream that is the outlet of the lake. If I remember rightly, he said Admiral Seymour rented the stream, paying for it three thousand krone per year. He was quite a pleasant gentleman, probably a soldier, but I did not altogether like the way he "rubbed it in" to Bertie, my traveling companion and his fellow countryman, who was not a bad little chap, and really had a sense of humor, as shown by the following conundrum he got off,

"Why did the fly, fly?"

"Because the spider, spied her."

Bertie wanted to join in the conversation but the new man ignored him, could not see him, and would change the subject as soon as Bertie began to speak. On the way down from Mindre Sunde, where we took stolkjaerres, we saw the Admiral's fishing lodge. It was a small white cottage on the other side of the river and I am glad we saw it, for you read so much about hunting and fishing lodges, and I had never seen a lodge, except a Masonic Lodge Building. To reach this lodge there was a cable strung across the river, from which a chair was suspended by a trolley that was pulled back and forth by a small line, a halyard I suppose the Admiral would have called it. We had the

Marok

pleasure of seeing my salmon-fishing friend crossing in the chair as we were passing. Further down there is a fine Glacier Pot, that was cut through when they built the road. We arrived at Visnaes about eight o'clock in the evening and the hotel porter seemed greatly surprised when told that we had come from Morak since morning. The proprietor of the hotel must be something of a sportsman, for he keeps a couple of pointer dogs and no one keeps dogs in this country unless they have use for them. In the office he has some fine martin pelts that he offered for sale at one hundred and fifty krone apiece. He said he bought them from the peasants of the neighborhood, but I would not be surprised if he hunts them with his dogs. That would be about a Norwegian's idea of sport. Several days ago I met a native who told me he owned two farms that he kept because of the fine trout fishing. I thought he was a dead game sport, and asked what kind of flies he caught them with. He said, "Oh! I don't catch them with flies, I catch them with a net."

Monday, August 11.

Left Visnaes by boat for Sandene, steaming down the Nordfjord, the scenery of

which, when compared with some of the other fjords, seems rather tame. The fine view you get of the distant Jostedalsbrae, however, more than makes up for lack of towering cliffs. Just before arriving at our destination, we turned into the pretty Gloppenfjord, which is flanked on the west by lofty, snow-capped mountains. Went to Sivertsen's Hotel for dinner. The first thing I noticed, before entering the house, was the outlines of a salmon cut in the flag stone of the porch, and underneath was the weight, "42 lbs." and a date, not very recent. The next thing noticed was that all the maids and waitresses about the hotel wore the gay "Hardanger" costume, but that is getting to be an old story now. I had a short chat with the proprietor, who told me that he had lived in Aberdeen, South Dakota, but, having inherited this hotel, had to come back to take care of it. At four o'clock in the afternoon we took an automobile for Forde, where we arrived in time for a late dinner. On the way we passed several pretty lakes, a number of good farms and rode several miles through a beautiful pine wood. The only drawback was the number of gates that had to be opened and shut. At one place an old farmer presented my wife with a

On the Road to Grotlid

branch thickly hung with delicious currants and he did it with all the grace of a French courtier of olden times. Tonight we are stopping at another Sivertsen's Hotel, but the salmon outlined on the flag-stone of the porch is somewhat larger than the one at Sandene and is labeled, "52 lbs." The woman, who seemed to be in charge of the hotel, told me that the same Englishman had fished here for eighteen years. "He rents the river for a five year term, and has renewed the lease three times." "Boots," however, told a different story, his version being that it was leased to "three parties." "The first party has it during June and pays one thousand krone, the second party has it during July and pays five hundred krone, while the third party, who has it during August, pays but two hundred krone, the fishing during the last month being very poor."

Tuesday, August 12.

The salmon fishermen disturbed my slumbers last night or early this morning. The second time they awoke me, I got up, dressed, and went forth to investigate. All I found were some fish in a box under the big tree in front of the house. There was one salmon and four sea trout. While I was looking at

them "Boots" appeared and after critically examining the catch said, "the salmon is very poor, him been out of the sea too long." I asked how he knew? His answer was, "Because there are no lice on it." At ten o'clock we took an auto for Vadheime. The road soon began to climb a steep hill but, after we had crossed a high divide, we came to a valley where there were a number of good farms and many gates to open and shut. However, there were numerous children waiting to open each gate, hoping thereby to earn a few ore. We had with us in the car a young lady who had been heralded as, "one of the celebrated beauties of Norway." Well, she seemed to be very popular and at almost every settlement friends came forth to greet her. After passing several small lakes we crossed a second divide and following down a stream, through a large farm that belonged to an Agricultural School, arrived at a little past noon at Vadheime. Here we got a very good mid-day dinner and later took the steamer up the Sognefjord, which, needless to say, is not so grand as I had expected. Near Vik we got our first sight of the colossal, bronze statue of Frithjof, lately presented to Norway by the German Emperor. Not all the Nor-

A Reindeer Herd

wegians are pleased by the compliment. One I talked with did not like the fact that the Emperor had brought forty war vessels with him to the dedication, whereas Norway had only twenty ships in her entire navy. In fact he intimated that the German Emperor might have it on his mind to gobble up some of Norway's fine harbors. The boat stopped for some little time at Balholm, which seems to be quite a resort and has several large hotels. We had supper aboard the steamer and about nine o'clock arrived at Laerdalsoren in a downpour of rain. After getting out our rain-coats, I went on deck to see how we could reach the hotel and avoid a soaking. Two men on the dock were holding up a banner with my name painted on it, so I signalled to them. They came aboard and told me they had carriages waiting to take us to the hotel, so after pointing out our baggage, I called the family. We made a dash for the rigs, tumbled in and were driven through the rain to our hostelry, which was quite a distance from the landing place.

Wednesday, August 13.

Our object in coming to Laerdalsoren is to visit the Church of Borgund, one of the oldest and best preserved "stavekirkes" in Nor-

way. After breakfast we got into a couple of caleches, that I had engaged last night of our friends who bore the "strange device" and we started on our all day ride; the boys, ahead in the rig drawn by the buckskin bronchos, Maud, Marian; and I following, behind a pair of dark bays. Of course there were a couple of drivers along but, as they could not speak a word of English, they did not count. Our route was up the valley of the Laera, a famous salmon river, that has been made convenient for the sportsmen by means of light iron bridges and ladders, so they can reach with ease the best points for fishing. I was told that one man paid ten thousand dollars per annum for the fishing privileges but I doubt the truth of the story, as it is too long a stream to be fished from one locality, so it is probably let to several parties for a sum total equal to that amount. Above Husum, which is quite a resort for trout fishing, begins the picturesque gorge called Svartegjel, after passing through which, the valley broadens and soon we came to the old stavekirke. Borgund Church dates from about 1150, but is first mentioned in 1360. This kind of a building is called a "stavekirke" to distinguish it from churches erected since the Reformation, which are

Langevand

built of logs laid horizontally. In fact it is said that no stavekirkes were built after the Reformation. In this kind of a building the walls consist of corner posts connected by sills below and plates above, with the spaces between the posts filled in by vertical planks, mortised to each other and fitted into grooves in the sills and plates. The plan, so far as a difference of material allows, is that of the Anglo-Norman church of the period. To the rectangular body of the church is added a square choir ending in a semi-circle. The broad and lofty nave is separated from the low, narrow aisles by wooden columns. Over the gabled roof of the nave rises a square tower, ending in a slender spire. The dragon-head enrichments of the gables resemble that of a ship's prow of Viking times. The roof of the choir is lower, and is crowned by a round turret with a conical cap. Around the whole building runs a low arcade, which according to popular belief was used as a shelter in bad weather before and after service, and undoubtedly did serve to preserve the building's most important parts the ground-sills from damp and decay. When I asked our old guide as to the use of this gallery he insisted it was intended as a place for the Vikings to store their arms and

armor before entering the sacred building. My own opinion is, that while it may have served for all these purposes, it was originally intended for a woodshed. When you enter the church and the doors are closed, the only light admitted is through small openings high up on the walls of the nave. A guide book says, "Window glass was unknown in Norway at that period, and the services probably consisted solely of the Mass, chanted in the candle-lighted choir, while the congregation knelt in the dark nave." Dark and cold it must have been on a Norwegian winter morning, when the sun did not rise until after ten o'clock, unless someone had common sense enough to build a bon-fire in the middle of the church, to give light and warmth to the congregation kneeling or seated around. I say, "seated around" for there is still a seat extending all the way around the church next to the wall, save where the doors are cut through, and there were probably movable seats in front. At the time this church was built the dwelling houses of the people were usually heated by a fire on a stone hearth in the middle of the room, while above there was a hole in the roof through which the smoke escaped. Now what about the square

Sandene

tower, with its ornamented gables over the nave? It was not the bell tower but must have had some use, otherwise I do not believe it would have been put there, even though the old Vikings were lavish in decorations. Certainly it would make a fine chimney, if properly arranged, and, if that was its object and they actually had a fire upon occasions in the church, a large shed would be necessary in which to store the winters supply of fire-wood and where could you find a more convenient place than in the arcade about the church. I have mentioned the doors. They are two at present, one to the south and the main portal to the west. The capitals of the columns, the doors, and the door frames are embellished with elaborate and intricate carvings of dragons and other figures. In fact the western doorway is a wonderful work of art and goes far to prove that the Northmen of that day were experts in designing. During the drive back to Laerdalsoren we had a shower but with the tops of the caleches up and the water proof lap robes tucked about us we did not get wet.

Thursday, August 14.

We took a boat this morning for Gudvangen, which is at the head of the Naerofjord,

one of the narrowest and gloomiest chasms in Norway. The mountains surrounding Gudvangen are so abrupt and high that the little hamlet never sees the sun in winter. We only paused there long enough to engage stolkjaerres to take us on to Stalheim. After a ride of an hour or so we came to the foot of the Stalheimsklev, which abruptly closes the valley. Here we had to get out and walk up the "klev" or cliff, as it was impossible for the ponies to haul more than the carts and our hand luggage up the sixteen steep zig-zags by which the top is reached. Right and left are the Sivlefos and the Stalheimsfos, two very picturesque waterfalls, and just at the top, between, is the big, red Hotel Stalheim, where dinner awaits us, otherwise I don't imagine we would have persevered in climbing. During the afternoon we walked up to the "Keiser Wilhelm's Hoi" above the hotel, from which point we had a fine view down the Naerodal, but the view is hardly as impressive as when you lean over the wall in front of the hotel, for from there it would be easy to toss a pebble so it would not strike anything until it reached the floor of the valley eight hundred feet below. The German Emperor seems to be popular here. In fact they have

Very Popular

framed the page of the hotel register on which he inscribed his name and hung it up in the office, but I suppose he is not to blame for that. An Irish gentleman and his wife, whom we met at Laerdal and who bade us goodby at Gudvangen, came up to the hotel this afternoon. As he greeted me like a long-lost friend he told me in a half apologetic way that he found the "Goodharbor" too tough for him. I don't know just what he meant, but suppose the hotel was not satisfactory. Certainly the hotel here is all that one could expect, but it is probably run by a German or a Swiss.

Friday, August 15.

After breakfast we distributed ourselves among three stolkjaerres and started on the drive to Voss. The two boys wanted to go together and Maud had to have Marian with her, so that left me alone in my glory. We were closely followed by the Irishman, his wife and their friend, "Wully," who rode together in a caleche. We trotted down the long incline behind the Hotel Stalheim until we came to the river. Following up the stream through the pine clad valley past several saw mills, we came in time to a beautiful lake. The water was so still that all the

hills, woods, and farms on the opposite side were reflected on its mirror-like surface. Nothing ruffled the water but the rings where a trout would leap for a fly. As we drove along the banks we passed a monument that commemorates the death of two American travelers who perished by an accident. If I rightly understood my "gut," "Them horse run him into lake, kill," was the way he told how it happened. His vocabulary was mostly limited to "yes" and "no" and generally those words were used in the wrong way; for instance, when I asked if cheese was made of goat's milk, he answered, "no," and it was only after long deliberation that he gave the above lucid answer to my inquiries about the monument. Voss or Vossevangen is quite a town and is surrounded by some of the best farm land in western Norway. As we had over an hour to spare before dinner would be served at Fleischer's Hotel, we went to see an old "loft" which is the name they give to a two story farm house as opposed to the "stue" or house of one story. This particular "loft" is said to date from A. D. 1300 and, if I remember aright, our guide told us it was built by a burgomaster. It was an old woman who showed us about the place, first

Statue of Frithjof

leading us up an outside stair and through a gallery into the upper room, which had originally been lighted by small triangular openings in the walls, that were closed by wooden shutters. In more recent times glazed sashes had been inserted in the southern wall of the room to supply light. In this room was stored quite an assortment of old chairs, beds, tables, wooden platters, jugs, carved mangling boards, and other household furniture. Down stairs there were several rooms and in them more rude, rural antiquities, like old harness, with carved hames and bow-saddles, sleds, sleigh-bells, side saddles, and old chests. After dinner we took an automobile for Eide. The road at first gradually ascended until it crossed a divide, then it followed down a stream until it came to a place where there are huge rocks on either hand and the valley suddenly ends; the road, however, does not, but descends by numerous windings into the Skjervet, a deep ravine flanked by high cliffs. On the left is the Skjervefos, which comes down by two leaps, the upper fall being a smooth, perpendicular sheet of water, then there is a level space where the road crosses by a stone arch and below that a shute down which the water rushes, boiling and bubbling, to a quiet

pool far below. After stopping for dinner at Maeland's Hotel in Eide, we took the boat on the Hardanger Fjord to Odda, where we arrived about half past ten o'clock and put up at the Hardanger Hotel for the rest of the night.

Saturday, August 16.

Shortly after breakfast we took the steamer for Bergen and all the day will be spent on the famous Hardanger Fjord, the most often visited and best known of the Norwegian fjords. It presents a typical example of Norwegian scenery; the broad waters of the fjord, the bold, rocky banks, the strips of fertile, farm land fringing the water, the forests on the mountain sides, and, above all, the great snow-fields of the Folgefond extending from peak to peak. Aside from its scenery, the Hardanger Fjord is famous for two other things. The Hardanger violin, which, having never seen, I cannot describe, and the costumes of its women. These costumes we have had with us at almost every hotel where we have stopped since we landed at Morak. It consists of the "skaut," a peculiarly folded white linen cap, that now is seldom worn, a crimson, sleeveless bodice, trimmed with beads, worn over a white, shirt waist that has big puffed

Borgund Stavekirke

sleeves, with a skirt of dark cloth, that is protected in front by an apron of embroidered linen, but, strange to say, while most of the waitresses and maids in the hotels hereabout wear it, the natives seem to have discarded the costume. Odda is very picturesquely situated but the scenery is marred by the tall, smoky chimneys of its carbide factories. Steaming down the fjord, we again touched at Eide and then passed through ever changing, beautiful scenery until we came to Norheimsund, which is in my humble opinion one of the most attractive spots in Norway. It is situated on a beautiful, island dotted bay and the view across the fjord with the Folgefond, looming above the intervening hills, is admirable. Along towards supper time we entered the Byfjord and ran into a fog, but, as we neared the City of Bergen, the sun came out and, as the light glittered upon the spires and domes of the town, it looked quite fairy like. Our boat entered the west harbor and we landed at a crowded pier, got into cabs and were driven to the Norga Hotel. This evening Charles' friend, Peter, called.

Sunday, August 17.

As we were all tired, we slept quite late

this morning but managed to get up in time for the last Mass at a nearby church. Coming out of church, I noticed a Frenchman and his family that we have run across several times during our travels from the North Cape down to here. No, there was no pretty madamoiselle along but there was a small boy who wore short socks and had his thin, little legs bare up to his knees, that is why I have noticed the family. During the afternoon we took a walk and found the streets crowded. It feels good to get back to a town of some size, where you can see a number of people.

Monday, August 18.

Spent the day going with Maud and Marian. We visited several fur shops and at one of the largest establishments saw some beautiful furs, mostly fox skins. They had some magnificent silver tipped blacks, that were very high priced. Then, there were red and cross fox pelts. Finally, considering them more appropriate, I selected four nice blue fox skins and told the dealer to make them up in a muff and stole for Marian. I wanted to get an ermine wrap for Maud, but she would not let me, saying she thought it too high priced. Well, it was

GUDVANGEN

a beauty and she will never get as good a one so cheap. This evening Charles went to dinner at Peter's home. Of course, he and Peter are the best of friends, but I imagine that a pretty sister was the principal attraction. In addition to the sister there was the father, mother and an uncle, and from the condition of my "hopeful", when he got home early in the morning, the toasts must have been frequent and varied. Never mind, we are only young once in a life time.

Tuesday, August 19.

We took the train for Christiania early this morning. The railway, which connects the two largest cities of Norway, is a wonderful piece of engineering work and was only completed in 1909. At first the road skirts the Sorfjord, on the way passing through many tunnels. Finally, by means of one half a mile long, the railway enters the Vosseelve. Turning and twisting, it follows up that valley until it reaches Voss, the place at which we took dinner last Friday while on our way to the Hardanger Fjord. This part of the railway has been long completed but from Voss on it is new, until we are across the mountains. After leaving Voss the road begins to rapidly ascend and finally

reaches Myrdal, where the higher level road begins. From there on to Fense the scenery becomes quite arctic in appearance, as there are great snow-fields all around, even in mid-summer. For miles the train passes through a succession of snow-sheds and tunnels, but at last begins to descend and soon enters the Halling-Elv, following down that valley until Lake Kroderen is reached, when it again begins to climb, until it is four hundred and sixty feet above the water of the lake, when turning to the left, it passes through a long tunnel and immerges in the Sognedal, which it follows down to Honefos. From there the railway swings around in a great loop and enters Christiania from the north-east instead of the north-west, as it should, if there were no mountains in the way. We arrived at our destination quite late in the evening and went to the Victoria Hotel, where they gave us very nice rooms.

Wednesday, August 20

Most of the forenoon was spent in hunting up our trunks, that had been forwarded to this place from Trondhjem. I finally got them delivered to the hotel, and then we all took a bath and put on clean clothing, the supply of which had run short. In the mean-

View from Stalheim

time, while I was on my hunt, Maud, looking out for the future, had sent the contents of the dirty clothes bag to be laundered. This hotel is quite an improvement, in some respects—to name one, "sanitary plumbing—" over the hotel where we stopped when here before. The only thing against the Victoria is the location, which is not in a pretty part of the town. When the Grand Hotel completes the improvements, that are at present under way, it will probably be the best place in the city to stop, but at present there is no place that can be called "first class." During the afternoon we visited a gallery of modern paintings, a place where they were for sale. Most of the pictures were by native artists and while some were excellent, I saw nothing that tempted me to buy.

Thursday, August 21.

Raphael and I went up to call on Captain Stephensen. He was not at home. On the way back I stopped at the ticket office and bought tickets to Stockholm, at the same time reserving a compartment in the train that leaves to-morrow morning at seven-fifteen. This afternoon Captain Stephensen called. The family was out but he stayed

and, when they returned, took them to see a wonderful, new ship, without masts or smoke-stacks, and with an engine that uses crude petroleum, a supply of which it carries, sufficient to take it to South America and back. It is to sail for its distant port tomorrow and carries a large cargo and a number of passengers. My people were very much interested in what they saw and tried to describe it to me on their return, but the only thing I really understood was that the power is furnished by what is called a "Diezel Engine." I asked if it was like a gasoline motor. They seemed to think it was different. The captain stopped for dinner and later his wife and son called and we had a very pleasant evening, but found it somewhat difficult to carry on a general conversation as madam's and the young man's knowledge of English was almost as limited as was our knowledge of Norwegian.

Friday, August 22.

Had to get up early this morning to catch the train. For a short distance we followed the same route that we took on our first trip from Christiania. At Lillestrom we diverged from the Eidsvold line and followed up the east bank of the River Glommen, a

A Stolkjaerre

stream that is mostly filled with huge timber rafts. At Kongsvinger we parted from the Glommen, the railway turning south east. We bade goodbye to Norway and entered Sweden at Charlottenberg. The province that we entered, Vermland, is rather flat, with numerous lakes and abundant forests. The farms seem to be larger and better than those of Norway. Karlstad on Lake Venern is the principal town of the district. As it rained most of the day, probably the scenery along the way did not look as cheerful as it might have under different circumstances. There was a dining car attached to the train, which was fortunate. After passing through a number of small towns, we arrived at Stockholm about nine o'clock in the evening and went direct to the Regina Hotel, where they gave us very pleasant rooms, facing on a busy street.

Saturday, August 23.

It is a bright day and Stockholm looks very gay, especially down towards the Royal Palace, which is on a small island. We walked along the quay past the Opera House to the National Museum and, entering, went up to the second flooor where the Picture Gallery is located. It contains many

fine works of seventeenth century Dutch Masters and of the French School of the following century. Among the famous paintings by Dutch Masters, here exhibited, are two by Rubens, the "Sacrifice to Fertility" and a "Bacchanalian Scene," copied at Rome in 1605, from famous works of Titian's now in Madrid. Between these is Rembrant's "Conspiracy of the Batavians under Claudius Civilis against the Romans," painted in 1662 for the Town Hall of Amsterdam and after the "Night Watch," the largest work by that master. There are also several admirable portraits by Rembrant, the best being the "Portrait of his cook." Frans Hals' "Fiddler" is an excellent example of that artist's work. Then there are several fine paintings by Jordaens, but the one by him that especially attracted our attention was, "The Lydian King Candaules tempting his favorite Gyges." The small Dutch pictures are hung in the cabinets adjoining this gallery and are well worth careful study. In the "French Sal," is a collection that is equalled in only one or two places outside of Paris. There are several works by François Boucher, the finest of which is the "Triumph of Venus," perhaps his masterpiece. Among the eight subjects by Jean

Vossevangen

Baptiste Oudry, the animal painter, the best is the "Stag Hunt." There are also fine examples of the works of La Moyne, J. M. Nattier, Van Loo, and Chardin. Then there are three beautiful little pieces by Lancret, two of which, "The Swing" and "Blindman's-Buff", are very popular in engravings and color prints. However, our principal reason for coming here was to see what Swedish artists had accomplished. Painting, as an art in Sweden, only dates back to the end of the seventeenth century, and most of the earlier artists were portrait painters connected with the court. If, however, there are no very old Swedish Masters, the country has produced some wonderful modern artists. Cederstrom's "Body of Charles XII., on its way to Sweden," is a very impressive winter scene, well interpreted. Hellqvist's canvas called "The Sacking of Wisby" is full of life and color. These two works show what can be accomplished in the way of historical paintings, even when the subject is of little importance. Liljefors, the animal painter, shows wonderful variety in his works. Sometimes he paints what might be called a study in white. As when he puts a white hare or ptarmigan in a snowy landscape, and, when you first look

at the picture, the creature is invisible, but after a time, it gradually takes form, and you wonder why you have not seen it before. Then again, his pictures are full of color, as in one, where he represents a pair of foxes stealing through a sunlit wood. Others are somber, as in the case of his "Eagles on the Wing," which represents the birds amid stormy clouds above a raging sea. Again, in the "Wild-Geese," a flock of birds are lighting on a low sandy spit, with lurid clouds and dark waters for a back ground. Zorn is all color. Reproductions of his works, however, are so popular and numerous, that I shall not try to describe them. Another artist that is very popular is Carl Larsson, whose water colors of peasant life are charming. On the first floor of this building is a very fine Ceramic Collection.

Sunday, August 24.

This morning we went to Mass at a little Catholic chapel a couple of blocks back of the hotel. The exterior was just like the rest of the houses in the block, but inside it was quite a nice little church. Almost all of the Swedes are Lutherans and churches of other denominations are rare, for, aside

Hay Cart

from this chapel, the only houses of worship other than Lutheran in Stockholm are a Russian church and a synagogue. In the afternoon we took a walk through the park and across the bridge to the small island on which stands the Riksdagshus or Parliament House. After a short pause to admire the architecture of the building, we crossed a second bridge to the island of Staden on which the Royal Palace stands. The Palace is a large but rather plain building. Fronting the bridge, over which we came, is the handsome approach to it called the Lejonbacken, from the bronze lions with which it is adorned. Turning north, we walked around the building, past the east front, where there seems to be a high, terraced garden: thence along the south façade, which seems to be the principal front of the Palace and is decorated with statuary and trophies cast in metal. I was going to say bronze, but someone told me they were lead. At a gate near the south-west corner, we entered the court yard, but after looking about, decided not to try to see the interior today. Returning, we continued along the west front and crossed a bridge that leads to an arcade back of the Riksdagshus and

which connects that building with the new Riksbank. From there we returned to our hotel.

Monday, August 25.

We all went to the Northern Museum today. It is an imposing, gabled edifice, built of reddish stone in the "Vasa Style" and is located on an island called the "Djurgard," once an old deer-park. The collection consists of old Swedish furniture, implements, ornaments and costumes, to which has been recently added the collection of the Royal armory and Regalia chamber, consisting of weapons, court-costumes and historical memorials, formerly preserved in the palace. In the great hall are numerous suits of armor, among others a fine Maximilian fluted suit. Then there is a suit that once belonged to Gustavus Vasa, made at Augsburg in 1540. Another, a superb equestrian suit that belonged to Erik XIV., was made by Lochner of Nuremberg. Finally, there is the helmet of Gustavus Adolphus, which weighs over thirty-two pounds, and many other memorials of that monarch, including a blood-stained shirt, said to have been worn by him when he fell at the battle of Lutzen. In addition, there are all kinds of weapons,

Skjervefos

uniforms, and court costumes of lesser Swedish Royalty, but after all the most interesting part of the collection is that intended to illustrate Swedish peasant life. This part of the exhibit is arranged by provinces, and a number of rooms are reproductions of the interior of those in peasants' cottages. Typical examples are, Room 1: Province of Skane. Peasants' cottage from near Inglestad. The floor consists of well-pounded clay, strewn with sand. Above the gaily-colored, curtained bed-stead there is a strap to help the person in bed to raise himself. To the left of the bed is the "goose-bench" for geese, when sitting on their eggs. The room has been arranged for some festive occasion. The walls are covered with tapestry; on the benches and chairs are many-colored cushions; and the table is laid for a feast with curious looking utensils. Room 4: Province of Skane. This apartment along with other things contains a splendid collection of painted implements for the preparation of flax, among which the scutching-knives and scutching-blocks deserve special notice. Scutching-knives were generally made by young men for their sweethearts, and were therefore gaily painted and artistically carved. Then there are spinning and

weaving implements, mangling boards for rolling the linen, and blocks of glass that served as flat-irons. Blocks of glass of the same shape as those exhibited here have been found in graves of the ninth century. Room 15: Province of Dalecarlia. Interior of a peasant's cottage in the parish of Rattvik. The walls belong to a cottage pulled down in 1870. In the fire-place there is a niche called "the big hole" intended for wood; the "smoke canopy" is supported by an iron post with a movable arm, on which the kettle was hung. The whole of the main wall in the background is occupied by a closet-bed with shutters. The bed consists of three tiers; the lowest, which in the daytime is covered by a flap, is in the form of a drawer that can be pulled out. Room 21: Province of Helsingland. Room from Delsbo, properly a state room for great occasions. In this apartment the weddings were celebrated, the new-born baptized, and the dead laid in state. Ceilings like the one in this room are rare in peasants' homes. The paintings on the ceiling and walls were done by a local artist of the eighteenth century. The windows have small leaded panes of greenish glass. In the left corner is the bed with a cupboard in the end of it. The

Aabo-Elv, Odda

table is of an old-fashioned type. Beside it is a bench with a movable back and there are old-fashioned chairs, a large blue cupboard ornamented with flowers, a grandfather's clock of the kind typical of this neighborhood, and various other household utensils. In other rooms are collected objects that give an insight into the customs in olden times among Swedish country people. Most of the objects are of purely local origin, but a few, especially from southern Sweden, show foreign influence. Tables, chairs, beds, chests, and the like are mostly substantial and massive; the carving often showing artistic merit. Metal is used almost solely for tools. Glass is rare, but pottery common. The cloth, carpets, and lace are strong and made to wear. The colors are primary and vivid.

Tuesday, August 26.

To continue yesterday's course of studies we went to-day to see Skansen. It is an open-air museum in an enclosure of about seventy acres, quite close to the Northern Museum, and is intended to illustrate the natural history and ethnography of Sweden. The fauna and flora are fully represented, while dwellings from different districts, many

of which have been presented by patrons, complete the picture. The collection is not so picturesque as the similar one of Norwegian buildings at Christiania, but in a way it is more instructive as it gives a better illustration of primitive man's progress in planning and erecting his house. After the Norseman rose superior to the wattled hut, his first structure was probably the "fire house," of which a good example brought from Solleron is shown. The fire house consisted of a single room, the walls of which were constructed of round logs, notched at the corners and built like the "log cabins" of the American pioneers. The roof, which rested on round ridges, was made of split logs, laid in alternate layers flat side up and down. Over the hearth in the middle of the room there was an opening left in the roof that served as an outlet for the smoke and allowed light to enter. A hood of split logs which inclined towards the apex was often placed over the opening to prevent rain and snow from falling into the fire. The door was in one of the gable-ends and was protected in time by a kind of porch formed by the projection of the roof and side walls. The ground plan of the structure is shown by figure 1.

Hardanger Girls

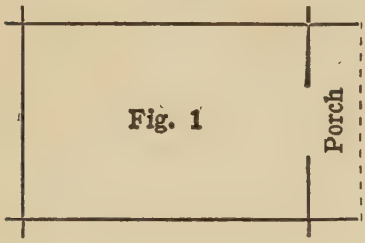


Fig. 1

At the end of the room, furthest from the door, was a rough shelf that served for a bed. The cooking was done on the open hearth and a rude table with a bench or two completed the furniture. In time the open porch was transformed into an enclosed entrance hall, which was furnished with a door in the gable opposite the doorway of the living room, and thus our Norseman has ad-

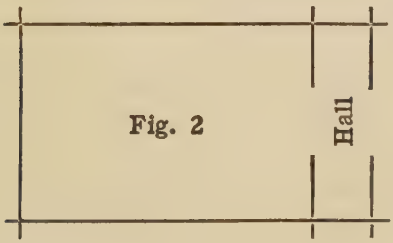


Fig. 2

vanced one step in civilization by adding another room to his house. The ground plan of this building is shown by figure 2, which is the plan of the fire house brought from Hjarpesbodar.

However, the position of the doors, one opposite the other, did not prevent rain and snow from beating into this house when it was stormy and the doors were opened. The outer door had, therefore, by the close of heathen times, in many places been moved to one side of the hallway so that it came at right angles to the "house door." If the inner part of the entrance floor was shut off as a separate little room or "kove," we have a ground plan like figure 3.

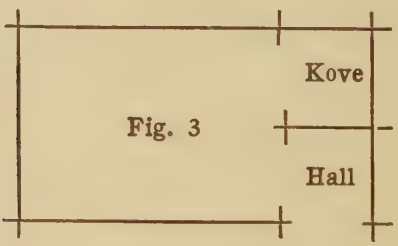


Fig. 3

This was the plan of many of the houses mentioned in the "sagas" and is the plan of the Mora house shown here, except that in that structure there is a stone chimney and

Northern Museum, Stockholm

a fire-place, instead of a simple hearth. We visited the various other exhibits, illustrating this gradual development in house-building, and inspected examples of out-buildings and store-houses; then, more elaborate structures like the Hasjo-steeple and the Frammestad; finally leaving them to see the collection of wild animals and birds. Probably the rarest of the animals, and to us the most interesting, were the European bison and elk. The bison looks very much like our buffalo; and the elk, quite like our moose. Other animals that interested us were the otters and foxes. In the tank, where the otters were kept, one little animal was playing with a stone, which he balanced on his head as he swam around in the water. In the fox cage were several rare black and blue foxes.

Wednesday, August 27.

We went to Upsala today, for, like Trondhjem in Norway, Upsala is the historic center of Sweden. Gamla Upsala, four kilometers north of the present town, was the seat of the early pagan kings of Sweden. The first Christian king of Sweden was Olaf Eriksson about A. D. 1000. He was succeeded by several Christian kings, but the northern Svear rebelled and set up Blot-Sven

("sacrificing man") as a rival king and restored paganism. It was only after long struggles that Erick Jedvardsson (the "Saint"; d. 1160) restored Christianity. In 1164 an archbishopric was established here. In 1276 the archepiscopal residence was transferred to the present town, while the kings migrated to Stockholm. The University, the focus of the modern life of Upsala, was founded by Archbishop Jacob Ulfsson in 1477. We first went to see the Cathedral, which is in the center of the town on the slope of the right bank of the River Fyrisa. The building was begun in 1260, and the result was the largest church in Scandinavia. Architecturally it is Gothic, modeled after the French style; modified to suit the material, which is red brick. This is accounted for by the fact that the first architect was Etienne de Bonneuil, who had been an assistant at Notre Dame in Paris before he came here. The contract was concluded at Paris, September 8, 1287, but the work advanced slowly, for the Cathedral was not consecrated until 1435. The building is 390 feet in length by 147 feet in width and, like most churches in Scandinavia, has suffered several times from fire, but was completely restored in 1883-93 at a cost of over a

View of Stockholm

million krone, when the slender copper-sheathed spires were added. Visitors enter by the west door. Passing through a vestibule, we entered the nave and were at once struck by the long rows of pillars that support the lofty vaulting. There are numerous small chapels adjoining the side aisles, which in Catholic times were consecrated to Apostles and Saints, but that, since the Reformation, have been used to glorify kings and statesmen. The only one that interested us was the "Finsta Chapel," named after St. Birgitta's father, Birger Pedersson of Finsta. The walls of this chapel are adorned with the crests of the family and portraits of St. Birgitta and her daughter St. Katarina. St. Birgitta or St. Bridget of Sweden, as she is commonly called, at the age of thirteen was married to Ulf Gudmarsson, and we are told, "She acquired great influence over her noble and pious husband, and the happy marriage was blessed with eight children, among them St. Catherine of Sweden." In the chapel lie Birgitta's parents, Judge Birger Pedersson (d. 1328) and his wife Ingeborg Bengtsdotter, and on the ledge are their effigies in costumes of the fourteenth century. The adjoining chapel, known as that of King Gustaf Vasa, is the

oldest of all the chapels. It is behind the main altar and during the Middle Ages was consecrated to the Virgin Mary. In 1560 the bodies of King Gustaf I., and his two queens were brought here and deposited in the crypt below. In the middle of the chapel is a monument of elaborate Renaissance design, in yellowish marble, with the recumbent figures of the king and his two queens. Facing this chapel at the back of the main altar, in a receptacle of iron grill work, is the shrine of St. Erik, containing the bones of the king, a crown, and part of his garments. At the east end of the north aisle is a flight of stairs leading to the Treasury. Here are preserved an interesting collection of ancient vestments and hangings that belong to the church. Every century from the twelfth down is represented. Besides the ecclesiastical vestments, the collection contains two groups of rare and valuable textile objects of secular origin, the so-called Sture garments, consisting of costumes worn by the Counts Sture, who were murdered in the castle of Upsala in 1567. The second group are the so-called Margareta relics, brought home by King Carl X., after the treaty of Roeskilde from the cathedral of that city, supposed to have belonged to

Upsala Cathedral

Queen Margareta of Denmark (d. 1412) and deposited here in 1658. Taken together they give a very good idea of what was worn by men and women of the nobility during the Middle Ages. On leaving the church we went around to see the south door, which dates from 1300 and is considered the finest of the three portals. From the church we went to the University Library, as we wished to see the famous Codex Argenteus, a translation of the four Gospels into Moeso-Gothic, made by Bishop Ulphilas in the fourth century. The custodian led us into the Exhibition Room and showed us this ancient book. It is written in letters of gold and silver upon one hundred and eighty-seven leaves of red parchment, that time has faded to a soft purple, and is bound in an elaborate wrought silver cover that probably was made a thousand years after the book was written and yet may have been old when the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America. This precious work was among the plunder taken by the Swedes at Prague in 1648, and was presented by Queen Christina to Vossius, her librarian, who in turn sold it for four hundred krone to the University. From the library we walked to the Slot on the hill south of the city, but it is an ugly old build-

ing and there was little to see except the view of the town, the plain beyond, and the site of Gamla Upsala in the distance, marked by a little white church. On our way back to the station we met a company of Swedish soldiers that were out for a practice march. They were quite a husky looking lot of men, but not at all modern.

Thursday, August 28.

Did not feel well this morning, so I took a rest. Spent the afternoon in making arrangements for continuing our trip. Got tickets to Wisby, Kalmar, and as far as Copenhagen. Then went to a forwarding company and made arrangements to have our trunks sent to the last place, as I did not want the trouble of many transfers. It is very entertaining to watch the busy harbor front of this city with the many boats, coming and going. Townsmen leaving for a holiday in the country and country folks coming to the city on business. Stockholm is quite different from what I had expected. It is a very handsome city with most of the houses built in the French style. Then the the people look like Frenchmen. In fact most of them are dark, and not blonds like

Royal Palace, Stockholm

the Swedes that come to America, who are mostly peasants from the rural parts.

Friday, August 29.

This morning we visited the Royal Palace and saw some of the apartments, but there was nothing remarkable in them or about them; in fact, all we saw was quite commonplace. From the palace we went to Riddarholms Church, called the Westminster Abbey of Sweden. It was formerly the Grayfriar's or Franciscan abbey church, and was founded, it is said, in about 1280 by King Magnus Birgersson, who was called, "Ladulas" or "Barnlock," on account of the general security that prevailed during his reign. We know for certain that in his will this monarch ordered that his body should be buried in the abbey church of the Minorites or Grayfriars, and, furthermore, that he left a sum of money for the purpose. In accordance with his will, Magnus was buried in the choir of the church; but it is said there is no body beneath the canotaph to his memory, which is of much later date, having been erected towards the close of the sixteenth century by King John III. Later King Karl VIII., Knutsson, who died in 1470, was buried in Riddarholms Church

and for many centuries afterwards it was used as a burial place. However, it was not until after the abbey church had been turned into a Protestant place of worship and Gustavus Adolphus was buried in a special chapel, that he himself had ordered erected here, that the church became a fashionable place of burial. From that date down to the present, nearly all the members of the Royal Houses that have ruled in Sweden have found a final resting place in Riddarholms Church. One sovereign, however, Queen Christina, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, is buried in St. Peter's at Rome. Most of the sepulchral chapels clustering around the church were added during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and of them only the following deserve notice. The "Carolinian Chapel," the last resting place of Charles X., Charles XI., and Charles XII. The "Gustavian Chapel," where, in a stately sarcophagus, repose the remains of Gustavus Adolphus the Great. Finally, the Bernadotte Chapel, with the porphyry sarcophagus of Karl XIV., John, and the plain green marble coffin of the late King Oscar II., on which lay a large wreath of flowers that had recently been placed there by the King of Italy. In the vaults

The Walls of Wisby

beneath these chapels are buried the numerous members of each family. Returning to the hotel, we packed our luggage and just about dusk took a train to Nynäshamn and from there the steamer to Wisby on the Island of Gotland.

Saturday, August 30.

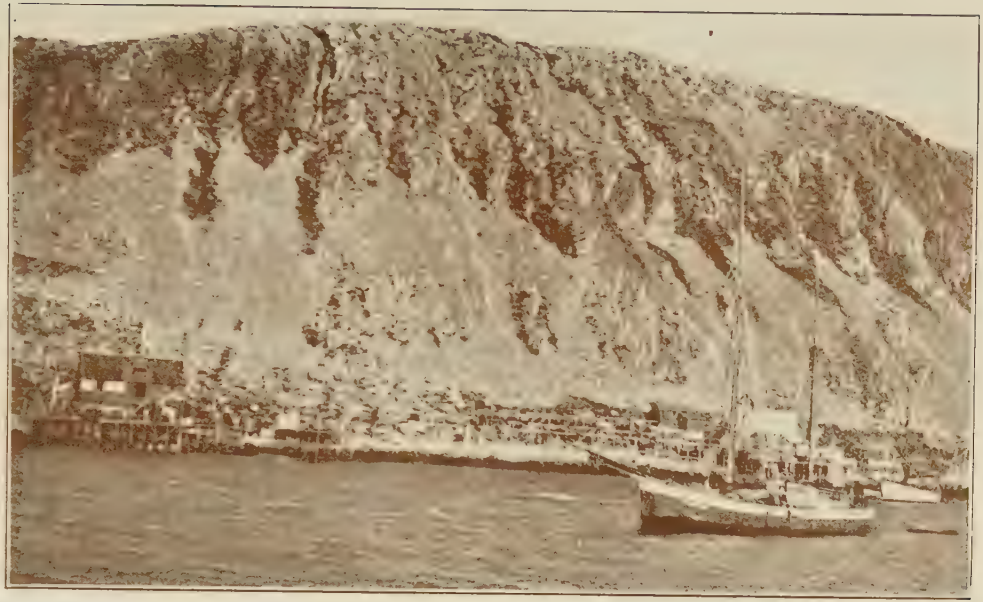
Arrived at Wisby early this morning, secured rooms at the Stads Hotel, and after breakfast went forth to see the town. The Island of Gotland, the largest island in the Baltic Sea, is ninety miles long and about a fourth as broad. It consists of a single plateau of limestone, rising from seventy to a hundred feet and ending abruptly on the seaboard in cliffs, here called "klint." The history of Gotland and particularly of Wisby, is closely connected with the great ancient trade-route between Asia, Novgorod in Russia, and northwestern Europe. Before the twelfth century the trade of the Baltic was entirely in the hands of the Goths; but the growing importance of the traffic attracted the Germans, who soon became numerous in the town, and in 1280 Wisby and Lubeck formed an alliance for protection against pirates. The wealth of the town, in its palmy days, was proverbial, but

it was soon eclipsed by Lubeck, which place, as far back as 1293, got the Hanseatic League to decree that appeals from the factory at Novgorod should no longer be heard at Wisby but at Lubeck. Wisby thus lost its hold on the Baltic trade and in 1361 was captured by Valdemar III., of Denmark, after a bloody victory over the peasants, of whom eighteen hundred fell while defending the gates of the town, and the burghers had to pay a heavy tribute. Wisby lies at the base and on the slopes of the klint. It now covers only about half the area it occupied in the days of its prosperity, when it had twenty thousand inhabitants and sixteen churches. The town walls, built at the close of the thirteenth century of limestone from the heights around, are most imposing. On the land side the walls are twenty-four hundred and twenty yards long, and on the side towards the sea, about nineteen hundred and eighty yards in extent. Above the walls, at equal distances, rise high towers, with embrasures, while between them are series of bartizans, that stand on the wall itself, supported by corbels on the outer side. Of the original forty-eight high towers thirty-eight remain, but the bartizans have mostly disappeared. Outside the walls the old moat is

Wisby from the Sea

still traceable and on the north side of the town it seems to have been tripled. On the land sides there are still four old gates standing. Under the roof that once covered the walls ran a wooden passage for the sentinels, the holes for the beams of which are still visible. The towers are roofless, hollow and empty, and of the gates, without their doors, there is nothing left but the naked, gray stone skeleton. Most of the houses of the town are small, low cottages of modern construction, but among them are still a few ancient, high-gabled buildings and the ruins of a number of old churches, roofless, with empty windows and grass-grown floors. We first came to St. Catharin's, once the church of the Franciscans, an elegant Gothic edifice, begun in 1230, of which the walls with many beautiful windows, twelve octagonal pillars, and some ribs of the vaulting still exist. Near by are the ruins of the "sister-churches" of St. Drotton and St. Lars, probably of even earlier date, for they have massive towers that suggest they may once have been used for defensive purposes. Higher up is the Cathedral of St. Mary, the only church still used for religious services. This church is floored with tomb stones that are covered with coats of

arms and ancient inscriptions. From the church yard the Norra Kyrko-Gata leads to the North Gate of the town. About half way along this street is the curious Helgeands-Kyrka or Church of the Holy Ghost, built in the Romanesque style, with two stories and one choir in common. In the lower church are four massive square piers, that support the floor of the upper church, which has round pillars of the late Romanesque style to support its roof. We ascended to the top of the walls and had a fine view of the town and the sea. From there we got a glimpse of St. Nicholas' Church in a side street near by and decided to visit it. St. Nicholas' is undoubtedly the finest of the ruined churches of Wisby. It dates from the early thirteenth century, formerly belonged to a Dominican monastery, and was destroyed in 1525 by the Danes, then at war with Lubeck. In the west façade, which lacks a portal, are two rose-windows. "Each window," says tradition, "once had a brilliant carbuncle in the center, but these gems were carried away by King Valdemar, after he sacked the town." The main entrance is in the north aisle. The nave and aisles are divided by ten massive, square pillars; there are no transepts, and most of the windows



Fishing Station

are round-arched. While we were there, they were making extensive excavations in the church, but the only things the explorers had found were a great many bones that were piled in several heaps. Strange to say, most of them seemed to be those of beasts, and among them we noticed a number of horses' skulls, but after viewing the various piles, we did not find any that positively could be identified as having once been human. From here we returned to the Norra Kyrko-Gata and passed out through the walls by the North Gate, where the road makes quite a dip to get under the arch. On past the ruined church of St. Goran we walked up to the Galgeberg, or Gallows-hill, with its three stone pillars, twenty feet high, and from this ancient place of execution we had a magnificent view of the town and its walls. Descending the hill by a path that passed the Robber's Cave, we followed the seashore back to the town. In the afternoon we looked up some of the old dwellings of the place, among them the Apotek, an old Gothic building of many stories, and the Burmeisterska Hus, built by a Lubeck merchant of that name in 1661; but most of the old dwellings of Wisby have disappeared.

Sunday, August 31.

This morning we took the boat for Kalmar. As we sailed out of the harbor, Wisby looked very beautiful with its towers and houses shimmering in the morning sunlight. To add to the charm of the scene on the klint behind the town are several picturesque old windmills and to the north, the great stone gallows, standing like giant sentinels. Gradually the town grew smaller and smaller until it sank into the sea and in a couple of hours after leaving, the island of Gotland was a faint blue line on the eastern horizon. Then, when it had hardly faded, we sighted the northern point of the Island of Oland, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the trees and lighthouse on the northern end of that island, for the land lies so low that it hardly shows above the water, even when quite near. Rounding the point we kept down along the west shore of Oland, passing between it and the bold, rocky islet of Jungfra, which rises like a mountain from the deep, but is so small that it is marked by only a dot and a name on a good-sized map. Just before passing this island the boys became greatly excited over what they thought were some ship-wrecked men swimming for safety; however, as we drew near,

Stor-Torg, Kalmar

their anxiety was relieved to find that what they had taken for men were only seals sporting about for their own amusement. Soon we came opposite Borgholm, near which, on a low hill, are the ruins of the fine old castle of the same name. It was begun in 1572 by King John III., on the site of an old fortress, and in 1651-1654, was occupied by Charles Gustavus of Pfalz-Zweibrucken, when heir-apparent to the throne of Sweden, for whom it was enlarged by Nic. Tessen, but it was finally destroyed by fire in 1806. A little to the east of the ruins is a royal domain and near by, on the seashore, is a villa that belongs to the Queen Dowager of Sweden. The shores of the island and the mainland were now rapidly approaching each other and soon Kalmar came in sight. The view of the city from the sea is quite fine, although somewhat marred by large factory buildings on the water front. Our steamer landed at a stone quay and, taking a carriage, we went to the Stads-Hotel.

Monday, September 1.

As it stands on its green terrace, with its many towers reflected in the water by which it is almost surrounded, Kalmer Castle is

one of the most picturesque buildings in the world. Formerly the site was an island, but it is now connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway. There are a number of halls and rooms that are shown to visitors, but the interior does not fulfill the expectations raised by the outside appearance. Some of the royal chambers have fine inlaid floors and panelling in the ceilings and walls, and in one room there are large, colored reliefs of hunting scenes of the time of Eric XIV. In fact our guide tried to make us believe they were the handiwork of that king himself. I tried to get a guide book to Kalmar, but the only one procurable was in Swedish, so you will have to look up further facts regarding this Schloss by yourself. In the afternoon we took the train for the south. Passing through Vexio and Lund, we came to Malmo, where we took the ferry-boat across the Sund to Copenhagen, arriving there a little before midnight.

Tuesday, September 2.

We are stopping at the Palads Hotel and the windows of our rooms overlook the Raadhus Plads, on which faces the town hall, a fine, modern building, of which the citizens are justly proud. On the opposite

Castle of Kalmar

side of the square from the hotel is the Tivoli, world famous as a popular place of recreation. This afternoon we went to the Ny-Carlsberg Glyptothek, which contains a splendid collection of ancient and modern sculptures, formed chiefly since 1882, under the guidance of experts, by Dr. Carl Jacobsen, the wealthy brewer of Ny-Carlsberg, who presented the collection to the state along with a large sum for its maintenance. In this gallery are many beautiful works by French, Danish, Norwegian, and Italian sculptors, but probably the one that a visitor will remember best after coming away will be a little wooden statuette of St. Francis of Assisi, by a Spanish artist, P. Mena y Medrano. There is also quite a gallery of pictures on the second floor, some by old Dutch masters, but most of them by artists of the modern French school.

Wednesday, September 3.

The Thorvaldsen Museum contains a very complete collection of works of the great Danish sculptor, Bertel Thorvaldsen, born in Copenhagen, 1770, died 1844. He went to Rome in 1797 and worked there until 1838. The building, in which the collection is housed, is a gloomy looking pile in an

antique style that is probably intended to be classical but certainly is funereal. Besides a collection of two hundred statues, one hundred and thirty busts, and three hundred and thirty reliefs, it contains the tomb of the artist and many of his personal belongings. Then, as if to add solemnity and dignity, it stands close to the Slot Christiansborg on the Palace-island. Of the statues of gods and goddesses from Greek mythology, I shall refrain from criticism, for most of them are casts or copies by pupils. The numerous portrait busts are very interesting and anyone can see that they are well executed. Some of the small reliefs are also pleasing. Of the collection of paintings by fellow artists the less said the better, for probably the master was guided in the selection more by feelings of friendship and charity than by his artistic judgment.

Thursday, September 4.

Walked over to the Slotsholm or Palace-island to see the Christiansborg Palace, originally built by Christian VI., in 1733-1745, but burned down in 1794 and again in 1884. Since 1907 it has been undergoing restoration after plans by Thorv Jorgensen. We walked around to the chief façade, which

Royal Palace, Copenhagen

fronts east, but found it hidden behind scaffolding. Opposite this front is the Exchange, a picturesque building in the Dutch Renaissance style, with numerous gables and a tower one hundred and sixty-seven feet high, the upper part of which is formed by four dragons with entwined tails that corkscrew up until they end in a flame-like crest. Continuing our walk we passed the Royal Library and Arsenal, finally coming around to the rear entrance to the court of the palace, where we turned in and found ourselves near the stables. There were some fairly good-looking horses that were being led about the court by grooms in scarlet liveries, but there was nothing else worthy of notice. Speaking of horses reminds me, they are not numerous here, but it is remarkable how many people in this town, men, women and children, still use bicycles. There is a constant stream of people mounted on them passing our hotel; but automobiles are rare. In the afternoon we went to call on the American Minister, Mr. Egan, but found that he and his wife were in London.

Friday, September 5.

Took the train to Helsingor, which is about twenty-five miles down the Oresund

from Copenhagen, and, as the day was fine, we enjoyed the trip immensely. Soon after leaving the city our train passed through a beautiful park, in which there is a Royal Chateau, and then we came in sight of the Sound, along the shore of which are numerous villas. After passing Klampenborg, the railway skirts the Dyrehave, a fine beech forest stocked with deer, none of which were in sight. Then we passed more villas and chateaux along the sea coast, among them one that belonged to the King of Greece. Suddenly the train plunged into the station at Helsingor and we had to hustle out. On emerging from the station, the first thing to attract our attention was the Kronborg with its many towers, a picturesque, fortified castle, that dominates the entrance to the Sound. It was erected by Frederic II. in 1577-1585, on the site of the old castle of Krogen. As Kronborg was the chief reason for our coming to Helsingor and a broad road led from the station around the harbor in that direction, we at once headed that way. Just before reaching the castle we met a company of Danish soldiers and stopped to watch them. As they passed, at a word from the officer in command, they commenced goose-stepping, and the officer seemed quite

Danish Soldiers

proud of the accomplishment, but to us untutored Americans it looked ridiculous. However, it is quite the proper thing in Germany and may have some virtues as a setting-up drill. I always stop to observe the soldiers in foreign parts, for there is no telling how soon they may be holding a prominent place in our affairs. Entering the castle through an arched gateway, we hunted up a guide and were shown through the rooms that formerly were used by the royal family. There was nothing remarkable in them except some fine old fire-places. Hanging on the walls of the various rooms were a number of paintings and, although the guide mumbled the names of several great artists, they impressed me as being a lot of poor copies. In the chapel there was some elaborate old wood carving, but even that did not look as though it was first-class work. We were then led across the court to a small door and told we could enter and ascend to the roof of the large, square tower, but our guide was too lazy to follow us. From the flat roof of the tower we had a fine view of the Sound and the Swedish coast opposite. After enjoying the view for a while, we descended and again sought our guide, for we wished to go down into the casements, where,

according to tradition, Holger Danske slumbers. In consideration of a second fee, our guide consented, so we went down into the subterranean depths. Holger Danske is supposed to be seated by a stone table around the base of which his beard has grown. When Denmark needs his aid to free her from the conqueror, he will come to life, but that will not take place, according to the legend, until his beard has thrice encircled the table, and, according to the best authority, it has so far only grown two and a half times around the stone pedestal. It was a gloomy place to which we descended and when we saw a huge, white plaster statue of the champion, faintly gleaming ahead in the flickering light of the candle carried by our guide, we almost had the creeps. Speaking of ghosts reminds me, they would not allow us to visit the Flag Battery, which is on the "Platform before the Castle of Elsinore," where Shakespeare makes the ghost in Hamlet walk; they were probably afraid of German spies. "Alas, poor ghost." As there was nothing more to see, we went to the hotel for lunch. After our meal, not caring to visit Hamlet's grave (?), we walked along the main street of the town until we came to a little park,

Castle of Kronborg

where we sat in the shade of some fine old trees and watched the little "Hamlets" and "Ophelias" at their play. As the day was rather hot, it was with regret that we left our shady retreat and returned to the station to take the express train back to Copenhagen. Helsingor, although small, seems to be quite a busy place. The harbor is good and there is a ferry over to Sweden. It was here, where the Sound is but little more than two miles wide, that Denmark formerly collected a tax on all ships bound to or from the Baltic.

Saturday, September 6.

The State Art Museum, which we visited this morning, contains a large collection of pictures by Danish and foreign artists. Sad to relate, the paintings by Danish artists, while quite as numerous, do not equal in quality the pictures by Swedish artists, shown in the Stockholm gallery. The modern French painters, usually so much in evidence, are conspicuous by their absence but, to make amends, the Dutch school is well represented. One of the finest pictures in the collection is Rembrandt's "Christ at Emmaus," a strikingly fine religious work. Then there is a portrait of Matthew Irselius, Ab-

bot of St. Michael's at Antwerp, by Rubens that is wonderful, but taken as a whole the collection is rather disappointing. In the afternoon we visited the National Museum in the Prindsens-Palais. The "Prehistoric Collection" is probably the finest of the kind in Europe. In Room I. are shown the earliest rude tools and weapons of bone and flint from the shell mounds or "refuse heaps" of the first settlers of Denmark, which are found along the seashore and probably date back as much as three thousand years before Christ. In these shell mounds skeletons of human beings, adults, and children, have been found, but the bones of the dog are the only remains of domestic animals discovered. However, the bones of many wild animals have been found and among them the skeleton of an auroch, here shown, in two of the ribs of which are embedded flint arrowheads. From these indications we may assume that the first inhabitants were hunters and fishermen who dwelt along the sea coast. In Rooms II. and III. are implements of the later Stone Age. These tools are found in graves scattered through the interior of the country and are of better workmanship than the crude weapons found in the shell heaps. Many are finely executed

Danish Farm

and of elegant shape. Among other things shown is a sickle for cutting grain, with the flint blade still firmly set in the well-preserved wooden handle. This would lead us to believe that the men of that age had turned towards agriculture, and in confirmation there is shown a number of potsherds of that period with impressions, made while the clay was yet soft, of grain, wheat, barley, and millet, that still show on the hard, baked outer surfaces. With the Bronze Age the people became more civilized, and in Room IV. is shown a male and female figure, wearing clothing, weapons and ornaments that are copies of actual originals of this period, that were found in the rude coffins that they made by hollowing out the trunks of oak trees. Probably the most remarkable objects found, that belong to the Bronze Age, are the large brass trumpets called "lures," which are usually found in peat-bogs, generally in pairs, and which can often even now be used as musical instruments. When found in pairs, they are tuned to the same note, and were probably used together. In Rooms V. and VI. are objects of the Iron Age, which in Denmark began about five hundred years before Christ. Along with weapons and tools of this age, made of iron,

are shown eating and drinking utensils of earthenware and glass, coins and jewelry of Roman make, and various objects which show that commerce and trade had gained a foothold among the people, who at that time inhabited Denmark. In still other rooms are shown the arts and crafts of the Middle Ages and even later times, but these objects, the products of civilized men, did not interest us so much.

Sunday, September, 7.

We went to Mass at the Jesuit Church. Then I had to make a trip down to Cook's to get some tickets that the manager had promised to have ready for me by noon today. After lunch the boys and I went to the arsenal to see the collection of old armor. They have a fine collection of artillery and some small arms, especially wheelocks and old swords, but of body armor there is not much that is really worth looking at. However, there was one fine suit of Maximillian fluted armor and a very handsome one of plate, decorated in a design of thistles, which may have been of Scottish or English origin.

Monday, September 8.

It is a beautiful day. We spent the morn-

A Herring Boat

ing in farewell visits to places of interest, and after lunch took the train for Kiel. That is, the train went as far as Korsor, a little town on the south end of the Island of Zealand, and from there we took a boat for the rest of the way. The accommodations for handling baggage at the Central Station in Copenhagen do not seem to be first class. Our trunks were brought to the main entrance of the station and dumped on the platform. Then they had to be carried through the waiting room by porters to the luggage counter, where they were weighed and checked. After leaving the city, the country through which we passed was flat but seemed to be good farming land and the estates were of fair size, with well-constructed buildings, most of them crowded around a court; dwelling, barns, stables, a windmill, and some sheds, handy but not very sanitary. The only town of any importance through which we passed was Roskilde, where there is a large cathedral in which the Danish kings are buried. Our steamer passed along the coast of a low-lying island, crossed the Belt and finally, after dark, entered the busy harbor of Kiel. We landed quite near the Hansa Hotel and, after handing over our luggage to the porter, walked

across and secured rooms. As it was late, we had only time to partake of some light refreshments before going to bed.

Tuesday, September 9.

The first thing I did this morning was to hunt up my banker. That gentleman, after supplying me with the required German money, cross-questioned me in the most approved Prussian manner and very politely told me what I should see in Kiel. Instead of following his advice, we went to the Thaulow Museum and saw some wonderful old Schleswig-Holstein wood-carving. In the afternoon Maud, Marian, Raphael and I walked up to the palace, formerly the residence of the Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp, and now occupied by Prince Henry of Prussia. Passing through the Schloss-Garten, we took a tram-car for a ride out to a place called Bellevue, where we hoped to get a look at the German War Fleet, but not a battle ship was in sight, so we walked back along the harbor-side road. We saw a number of beautiful villas and the Imperial Yacht Club House. Many of the places displayed "For Sale" cards; there was not much going on in the harbor and the great ship building works at Krupp's Germania Wharf seemed

Kiel

to be idle. In fact the whole place looked like an American boomed town shortly after the boom had collapsed.

Wednesday, September 10.

After breakfast we took a train for Lubeck, the smallest of the three independent Hanseatic towns of the German Empire. Our trip, which was quite brief, was through Holstein, and a very fine country it appears to be. The land is flat with a few low hills and many broad lakes that today were covered with numerous water fowls. In the fields were herds of the fine black and white cattle for which the country is famous. Many of the large, brick farm houses are thatched with straw, which gives them a very picturesque appearance, but I regret to have to say that the barn, stable and dwelling seemed in most cases to be under one roof. We arrived at Lubeck quite a bit before noon, so, after securng rooms at the Stadt-Hamburg Hotel, we went to see the Cathedral. It is a fine, brick Gothic church and contains a famous painting, Memling's double Triptych, which was specially ordered from the artist in 1498 for an altarpiece in this church and has remained here ever since. After showing us various works

of art scattered about the church, the custodian led us into a side chapel and, pulling aside a curtain, we saw the exterior shutters of the triptych, which represents, in grisaill work, the Annunciation. Then he opened these shutters and on the inner doors were painted life size figures of Saints Blasius, John the Baptist, Jerome, and Ægidius, the last, patron-saint of the donor, Canon Adolf Greverade. These saints, with their wonderful coloring, are masterpieces. We waited, breathless, while these doors were opened to show us the inner picture. It represents scenes from the Passion with a Crucifixion in the center. A kneeling figure in the left-hand corner is pointed out as a portrait of the donor. While these scenes are well painted, their number and small size has the effect of an anti-climax.

After dinner, for here the principal meal is at noon, we went to visit the church of St. Mary's, which owes its origin in 1251 to the ambition of the citizens to have their principal parish church larger than the Cathedral of the bishop. The plan is as near like a French Gothic cathedral as it is possible to build in brick, even to brick fluted columns and brick traceries in the windows. Of course, the builders did not adhere strictly

Holstein Farm

to common rectangular forms, and it is wonderful to see what effects they obtained by the skilful use of a few varieties of specially molded bricks. After we had rather hastily examined the church, we walked past the Schiffer-Gesellschaft, a handsome, old guild hall of the "Ancient Mariners" of Lubeck, and paused for a while to admire the antique, many gabled, and turreted façade of the Hospital zum Heiligen Geist, an admirably organized alms-house, dating from 1286. From this ancient institution we went out to the Burg-Tor, the north gate in the old town wall, a lofty, brick structure of 1444. It was near this gate that the Battle of Lubeck took place on November 6, 1806, between Blücher, with the wreck of the Prussian army after the battle of Jena, and the pursuing French under Bernadotte, Soult, and Murat.

Thursday, September 11.

Of course, as Lubeck is an independent town, the Rathaus has always held an important place in its history. We spent this morning there and found the old house very interesting. The building occupies the north east corner of the Market Place, is built of brick in the Gothic style, with huge gables

and quaint spires, and, in part, dates from the thirteenth century. We entered by the main portal, which is not on the side towards the market but on the busy street that skirts the square on the east. First we visited the "Senate Room", rebuilt in the rococo style in 1754-60 and decorated with allegorical paintings by Torelli of Bologna. The door to this room dates from 1573 and has an inscription on it in "Low Dutch" that we noticed the guide had to translate for the German sight seers that happened to be along with our party. The inscription was in Roman text and many of the words looked quite English, but along with them were enough that were so strange to us as to make it all unintelligible. After leaving this room, we ascended a noble stairway, that had the walls of its landing adorned with a modern mural painting by Koch, representing "Henry the Lion receiving the homage of Lubeck." Whether the painting was intended to convey a lesson of loyalty to the present Empire, or to remind the citizens that soon after the event depicted they gained their liberty and had only recently lost it under another Empire, was not evident, and for good and sufficient reasons I did not seek enlightenment. At the head of

Lubeck Cathedral

the stairs is the Burgerschafts-Saal, a very modern room also adorned with paintings by Koch. From there we went to the Kriegsstube, the ancient "War Chamber," with its beautiful carved and inlaid panels and a fine old sand stone mantle with alabaster reliefs. Underneath the old building is the Ratsweinkeller, with its remarkable Gothic and late Romanesque vaultings and columns. In one of the rooms is a "Chimney Piece" which bears an inscription of 1575 in "Low Dutch" which, to say the least, is not very gallant. It may be translated, "Many a man sings loudly when they bring him his bride; if he knew what they brought him, he might well weep." A very low (Dutch) remark about women. A little before noon we took the train for Hamburg, where we arrived in time to have lunch at the Hamburger Hof. Our hotel fronts on the busy Jungfernstieg and across the way is the Binnen-Alster, a pretty lagoon of about forty acres, bounded on three sides by quays, well planted with trees and flanked with palatial hotels, business houses, and fine, private dwellings; while on the north side there is a causeway laid out as a promenade that separates this little sheet of water from a

larger lake called the Aussen-Alster. This we noticed while taking our first walk about the city this afternoon.

Friday, September 12.

This morning we went for a trip about the harbor. Of course the boat ride started on the River Elbe, but soon we turned into a side channel and, after passing through a series of flood gates or locks, entered a large basin that probably belonged to the Hamburg-American Steamship Co. First, we saw the big sister-ship to the "Imperator" that is still building. I think they intend to call it the "Fatherland." As it has no ballast aboard, it stood very high above the water; in fact, all the propeller shafts were above the surface. In another part of the basin we passed the "President Grant" and the "Pratoria," two of the slower boats belonging to the company. Then our boat went alongside another large steamer whose name I did not learn and those who wished to see the interior were allowed to go aboard. As there was nothing novel for us about the interior of a ship, we remained where we were and returned with the boat to the landing. Then, as we still had plenty of time before lunch, we went to the Art

Hamburg

Museum or as it is called here, the "Kunsthalle," which contains over a thousand paintings, among them a number by British artists, but what interested me most were three portraits by F. Lembach, of Count Moltke, Prince Bismarck, and Emperor William I.; the triumvirate that made Prussia the ruling force in the "German Empire." Well, I shall make no remarks about them, for I might hurt someone's feelings, probably my own, if there was a German with a beer mug about. After lunch we went out to Carl Hagenback's Zoological Park, to see the animals, which are mostly kept in large enclosures, fitted up as nearly as possible like their native habitat. Thus the goat family have a craggy hill to climb over, inside their fence; the lions are enclosed in a rocky den with fallen tree trunks to lie upon, and the monkeys have a rocky ledge to sit on and trees to climb, but all the dangerous animals are so guarded by sunken pits that it is impossible for them to escape. The most interesting animal was a trained walrus, that really had a head almost as round and expressive as that of his keeper. This animal's greatest accomplishment was blowing a horn, and when he got the mouthpiece between his lips, with his bristly mustache

and pale, blue eyes, he looked very much like the stout leader of a Little German Band.

Saturday, September 13.

Went to see the Bismarck Monument, a big, coarse affair, that very fittingly personifies "Kultur" and encumbers the place of honor in a pretty, little park over in the western part of the city. Got back just in time to catch the train for Hanover. Right here our journey should have ended by our taking a steamer home, for we have quit the Northland, but as we did not and kept on, I shall continue to tell briefly about the rest of our trip. It did not take long to reach Hanover and we secured pleasant rooms at the Bristol Hotel, which is just across the square in front of the station. After lunch we went out for a walk. There are many quaint old houses in the town. We visted the theatre, the Museum, the Royal Palace, the Rathaus, old and new, and several interesting churches. The number of soldiers in the town is noticeable. I was told there is a garrison of 16,000 here. This kingdom was annexed by Prussia in 1866, but it looks as though the subjection was not yet complete.

Hanover

Sunday, September 14.

Went to Mass at an ancient church that is over on the older part of the town. There is a fine, large Catholic Church up in the newer quarters, where Dr. Windthorst, long leader of the "Centrum" party in the German Reichstag, is buried. On the way back from church we passed the house in which Leibnitz lived. He seems to be the popular hero of the place. In the afternoon we went to the park in which the New Rathaus is located. It is quite a pretty piece of level ground, with several ornamental ponds that add to its attractiveness.

Monday, September 15.

Took a drive about the city, saw most of the fine residences, and went through a very neat, well conducted "cracker bakery", where a lot of pretty, young girls were busy putting the biscuits into cartons. Then we went out to Herrenhausen, past the Welfenschloss or Palace of the Guelphs, a handsome building, that, now the Guelphs are out and the Hohenzollerns are in, is used for a Polytechnic School. Schloss Herrenhausen is at the end of a beautiful avenue of limes, one and a quarter miles long and one hundred and twenty yards wide, that was laid out in

1726. The Schloss was built in 1698 and was the favorite residence of George I., and George II., of England and Hanover. Not being allowed to enter, we walked through the gardens, which are quite extensive. They are laid out in the French style and have an open air garden theatre as one of their attractions. We were allowed to visit the coach house and saw some handsome carriages and harness, but all the famous Brunswick horses are gone. Then we went across to the big palm houses where we saw cocoa-nut palms, over thirty meters high. After lunch, we took the train to Hildesheim. When we had secured rooms at the hotel, we walked up the main street to the "Square of the Lilly," on which fronts the Rathaus. In this square stands the Rolandbrunn, erected in 1540, with high basin-walls on the six faces of which are sculptured panels of heroes. From the center of the basin rises an ornamented pillar, that is surmounted by a small figure of Roland, clad in armor with a spear and shield. The Butcher's Guild Hall, built before 1529, which faces on this square, is said to be the most beautiful frame house of Germany. The doorway, window frames, brackets, and transverse beams are covered with carvings

Royal Palace, Hanover

of great beauty and masterly technique, while between the windows are panels with figures carved in high relief, that as the darkey said, "are of the early reminiscence style, sir." On the right hand side of the square, when facing the Rathaus, are two noticeable houses, The Wedekind House, dating from 1598, with carvings of figures representing the virtues and sciences, and the Tempelhaus, a Gothic building, dating from the fourteenth century, with picturesque but useless turrets at the corners, and a richly ornamented oriel window that dates from 1591. The Town-hall is the work of several centuries, the earliest part dates from 1290, while the frame-work tower at the north corner was only finished in the sixteenth century. The walls of the large hall on the second floor are adorned with frescoes representing events in the history of the town. One of the frescoes depicts "The Virgin Mary Appearing to King Louis the Pious, amidst a rose bush and drawing the plans of the Cathedral in the snow on the lawn at her feet." This picture greatly excited the risability of some of my fellow countrymen who happened to be looking at it while I was there, yet the event is probably quite as well authenticated as the one repre-

sented in a nearby picture, "Herman the Cherusker handing the captured Roman silver treasures over to the priests on Galgenberg in the year B. C. 9," which my compatriots swallowed without question. After a hasty glance at these pictures and the beautiful painted ceiling, we hastened on to the Cathedral, for we wanted to see the celebrated bronze doors, the wonderful Easter column and the famous rose bush. The so-called "Paradise Doors" were cast by Bishop Bernward in 1015. They are adorned with sixteen reliefs representing the Fall of Man and the Redemption. Beginning at the top of the left-hand door, the subjects represented are, "The Creation of Man," "God Presenting Eve to Adam," "The First Sin," "Adam and Eve driven from Paradise," etc., around through "The Crucifixion," "The Women at the Tomb," to the final "Nole me tangere," at the upper right-hand corner. The Easter Column probably was intended for the shaft of a mammoth "Pascal Candlestick." It was made in 1022 by Bishop Bernward, who undoubtedly took the idea from Trajan's Column at Rome. The reliefs, which begin at the base of the column, ascend in a spiral and represent scenes from the life of Christ.

Hildesheim

Of course I do not pretend to be a judge, but it is my humble opinion that the pictures on the column are far better in design than the panels of the doors. In a side chapel there is a brazen baptismal font of the thirteenth century that is well worth examining, and the immense chandelier presented to the church by Bishop Hezilo (d. 1079) is also worthy of notice. It is in the form of a circular wall, with twelve towers and twelve portals, and has an inscription explaining that it is intended to represent the Heavenly Jerusalem. We gazed at it, while a stout priest delivered a lecture in High Dutch, not a word of which could we understand, and when he paused for breath, by means of some English, Latin and "Low Dutch," we managed to make him understand that we would like to see the "Alt rose arbor." He unlocked a door and let us into the famous cloister, with its double arcade, built in 1070, and from there we got our first glimpse of the "Thousand-year Rosetree." The old rose bush, which, even this late in the season, still had a few flowers on it, twines around the asp of the choir. Only the roots, which are hidden under the High-Altar of the crypt, are old; the most aged shoot now alive dates from 1789. The

Hildesheim historian, George Elbers, first mentions the rose-tree in about the year 1640, and at that time estimates its age at "several centuries," so even if it is not a thousand years old, it has been there for a long time.

Tuesday, September 16.

The morning being pleasant, we walked up to St. Mary Magdalen's Church, founded by Bishop Konrad II., in 1234. It is off to one side, in a lonely corner, far from the busy part of the town, but in it are preserved some remarkable art treasures. The most important is Bishop Bernward's Cross, which dates from 994, and two candlesticks which were found in his tomb. The cross was made by the good bishop to hold a splinter of the True Cross. It is exquisite in workmanship and is ornamented with two hundred and thirty jewels, among which are several antique cameos representing mythological subjects. On the back is engraved a Crucifix and emblems of the four Evangelists. The candlesticks were made in St. Bernward's workshop of a mixture of gold, silver, and iron. A medley of men, animals and plants wind about a slender shaft, which rests on three claws. The meaning, prob-

The 1000 Year Rose-tree

ably, is that every thing is struggling towards the light, "symbolic of Christ the light of the world." The Latin inscription on one, as near as I could make out, reads, "Bernward made this candelabre, first child of his skill to flower, not as gold, not as silver, but that thou should discern the struggle." There are many other objects of interest in this little church. We noticed especially two bronze candlesticks of the thirteenth century, a large, early Gothic Pascal candlestick, a beautiful Gothic Chalice dating from 1500, and a silver reliquary containing the bones of the saint. From St. Mary Magdalen's, we went to the Crypt below St. Michael's Church to see the stone sarcophagus of St. Bernward, and, afterwards, up into the church itself to see the wonderful painted ceiling. It dates from the twelfth century and represents the genealogy of Christ. In the afternoon we took a train for Brunswick, and, on arriving there, spent the time until dinner in walking about the streets looking for old buildings. Among others we saw the Altstadt-Rathaus, a fine, old Gothic edifice, with a two story, open arcade, on the pillars of which are statues of Saxon princes.

Wednesday, September 17.

Went to see the Ducal Museum, which, in addition to the Picture Gallery, contains an interesting collection of antiquities and a fine ceramic collection. Among the pictures the Dutch School is especially well represented, but there are also works by Italian and French masters. From the window of my room in the hotel I have a fine view of the Burg-Platz, in the center of which, on a modern pedestal, stands an ancient, bronze lion, that was erected here in 1166, by Henry the Lion, as a symbol of his supremacy. On the other side of the square is the Cathedral. It was begun in 1173 in the Romanesque style by Henry the Lion, after his return from the Holy Land, and has been added to in the latest style of each century since. In it are the monument of the founder and his consort Matilda, who was a daughter of Henry II., of England, and the sister of Richard Coeur de Lion. In the Crypt are buried the Dukes of Brunswick. I asked the elderly dame who acted as our guide to point out the coffin of "Schwarz Brunswick" which she did, and it seemed to please her greatly that I should ask, for, while hitherto she had been quite curt, after that she was most gracious in

Cathedral, Brunswick

showing us about. Although it was raining when we got through with the Cathedral, I managed to visit several shops and found that the people were well pleased that their "Duke" was coming back to live with them. The Duke has recently married the Kaiser's only daughter, and papa has very generously given them a little wedding present by restoring to hubby a part of the property stolen by his ancestors from an ancestor of the new son-in-law.

Thursday, September 18.

On to Berlin! The country through which the railway passes is flat but looks like fairly good farming land. There are many lakes scattered about, so it looks a good deal like southern Minnesota. The towns through which we passed were Magdeburg and Potsdam. On arriving in Berlin, we took a couple of taxi-cabs and, passing under the Brandenburg Gate, went by way of Unter den Linden to our hotel.

Friday, September 19.

Took a walk about the town. Berlin is a very handsome city and looks prosperous. The business blocks are substantial, most of them built of stone, five or six stories high,

while the streets are wide and well paved. Up in the neighborhood of the Royal Palace, where most of the fine public buildings are grouped, the general effect is quite equal to anything they have in Paris, but somehow it has a "nouveau riche" look about it.

Saturday, September 20.

This morning we went to the Art Museum to see the Hildesheim Silver Treasure, a famous collection of Roman plate, that dates from the time of Augustus Caesar. It was discovered in 1868 near the foot of Galgenberg at Hildesheim. As it did not take long to look over these relics of the past, we went on to the National Gallery, which contains a large collection of modern paintings, mostly by German Artists. In the afternoon we went to the Emperor Frederick Museum, which contains pictures by Old Masters of the German, Italian, French and Spanish schools. While I was in one of the cabinets looking at some Dutch pieces, I heard a buzzing noise and on looking out of the window, saw a large Zeppelin Airship passing over the building.

Sunday, September 21.

Went to Mass this morning at St. Hedwig's Catholic Church, which I am told was

Frederick Museum, Berlin

erected by that hardened, old infidel, Frederick the Great, in 1747-73. In the afternoon the boys and I went to the Arsenal, where we saw some fine old armor. After returning to the hotel, I happened to look out of the window of my room and saw a Zeppelin away over in the direction of Potsdam. After watching it a minute, I saw it was coming in our direction, so I called the family to the window and Raphael got a photograph of it when passing quite near. In a few minutes it returned, going back the way it had come. The wind was light from the west, however, the balloon seemed to make but slow progress beating against it. At best the "Zeppelin" is a big, clumsy affair and, considering the cost, I do not see how they can be of much use in a war. They are far too slow in their movements and too much at the mercy of the wind. I noticed the following advertisement in a paper this morning:

"Passenger Trips by the Zeppelin Airship
"HANSA"
from the airship-sheds at BERLIN-POTSDAM.

The fare of the regular trips extending over 100 kms., and lasting about 2 hours will be M. 200.—

General information can be had at the
office Hamburg-Amerika Linie,
Unter den Linden 8,
Berlin, W. S."

The one we saw today was not the "Hansa", if I could make out the name correctly, but the "Sachsen," so they probably have several.

Monday, September 22.

Spent the day in hunting up various things I wanted to see before we leave Berlin. In the evening Charles and I went to the Ice Palace and saw some good skating by a troop of professionals. One of the lady performers, named Charlotte, was very graceful and with her partner did some wonderful stunts.

Tuesday, September 23.

Took the train for Dresden. The land about Berlin is quite flat but seems fertile. The fields are large and appear to be mostly planted to potatoes. There is considerable timber bordering the roads and along the lines that divide the fields. Where ever there is a sandy patch of ground or a ridge that cannot be cultivated, it is planted with trees and they are generally evergreens.

Zwinger, Dresden

Just before reaching Dresden, we came to a bluff and descended into the valley of the Elbe River, which is thickly settled. We got poor rooms at a rather good hotel and were charged "Grand Opera" prices for the same.

Wednesday, September 24.

Bright and early we went to the picture gallery to see the famous Sistine Madonna by Raphael and other renowned paintings. The Madonna has a room to itself and is hung against dark maroon colored draperies that help to light up the picture by contrast. While we were in the room, it was filled with a number of enraptured females who occupied all the seats available, so we stood for a few minutes afar off and then went to look at less popular paintings. After dinner, this evening, we went across the street to the Royal Opera House and saw the "Jewels of the Madonna," which has no connection whatever with the "Sistine Madonna." The opera was given by the Royal Troup, and the acting was solemn and heavy but the music was good. The Opera House is a very handsome building with fine foyers and a grand auditorium. The audience was well dressed and looked very respectable. Quite a number of the

women, it was evident, were from America, and they were by far the best looking of those present.

Thursday, September 25.

At the Johanneum there is a wonderful collection of arms and armor. The most interesting part of it is the display of Tilting Armor that formerly belonged to Saxon Princes and nobles of the sixteenth century, but the collection of wheel-lock pistols should not be overlooked as it is probably the finest in existence. In the afternoon, I went back to the Art Museum to look up the eighteenth century paintings of the French School. There are some very good Watteau's and several of Lancret's gay little canvases, but nothing extraordinary.

Friday, September 26.

We are on the train bound for Prague. Soon after leaving Dresden the valley of the Elbe contracts and becomes a rocky gorge or canon and the scenery, as a consequence, is quite interesting. Large quantities of building stone for use in Dresden have been quarried from the cliffs along the river, but most of it was taken so long ago, that kind Mother Nature has done much to hide the

River Elbe, Dresden

scars with a mantle of verdure. On entering Bohemia, the valley widens out into a tableland and there are extensive farms on both sides of the road that are mostly planted to sugar-beets, but occasionally we pass a field that is devoted to the cultivation of hops. In some of the beet fields the peasants were at work and several times in the same field, but at some distance away, we saw a group of deer feeding; however, they were always does and fawns that were probably protected by law from being harmed. The one or two bucks, we saw, were in fields where no one was about and seemed quite wild. We arrived in Prague along towards the middle of the afternoon and, soon after reaching the hotel, Maud, Marian and I fared forth on adventure bent. The Powder Tower, one of the ancient gates of the old walled city, stands across the street from our hotel. It is a quaint, old Gothic structure and after admiring it a while, we passed beneath its arches and walked down a street that leads to the Old Town Square, in the center of which rises a Column of the Virgin, erected in 1650, to commemorate the liberation of Prague from the Swedes in 1648. On the west side of the square is the Old Town Hall and, looking back from in

front of it, we had a fine view of the Tyn Church with its two pointed towers, each crowned by four graceful turrets. From the square we went on down to the River Moldau and from one of the bridges had a fine view of the Cathedral and Royal Palace, that crown the heights above the opposite bank. Returning, we visited an ancient Synagogue that was interesting but grimy. It is noticeable here, that many of the horses have their tails docked and that often a single horse is hitched to one side of a pole, in spite of which lop sided arrangement, he seems to be able to draw the wagon in as straight a course as though he were hitched between a pair of shafts, as in America. Horses have not yet been extensively displaced by automobiles in Prague, in fact, "machines" seem rather scarce here.

Saturday, September 27.

Went to the Art Gallery this morning to see what "Bohemian Art" is like. Most of the paintings by native artists are more dramatic than picturesque. Evidently the Bohemian Artists paint to tell a story and use strong, vivid colors in preference to delicate tints. After lunch, for the sake of variety, we took a carriage, not an automobile, and

Teynkirche, Prague

went across the Charles' Bridge to the "little town" as it is called, for we wanted a nearer view of the Cathedral of St. Vitus and the Royal Palace. However, before visiting the principal points of interest, being in the hands of our driver, we had to make various side trips. First we stopped to see a Baroque Palace, that we were told had formerly belonged to the Knights of Malta, where we were led to believe there were a number of things worth seeing, but the only exhibit here that really interested me was a collection of over five hundred pairs of antlers from the heads of stags killed by the owner of the palace. From this trophy house we went up to the top of the hill where stands the Church of Loretto, in the court of which is an imitation of the celebrated Casa Santa, but as I have never seen the original, I cannot say how accurate the copy may be. The treasury of this church contains several rich monstrances of the seventeenth century, the most curious one was in the form of a star, the rays of which are said to be set with 6580 diamonds. The story told to us was that all these precious stones were from the wedding dress of a lady whose portrait hung against the nearby wall, but if the lady looked as sour as the

portrait, she needed all the jewels to make her attractive. Returning a bit, we passed through the Hradcany Square, in the middle of which there is another Column of the Virgin, erected in 1725, but what event it commemorates I could not ascertain; possibly they have a liking here for columns just as in Washington they have a craze for tin horses. The Royal Palace is an immense group of buildings, containing over seven hundred rooms. We did not have time to explore it, but drove through the three courts, only pausing to look up at the window from which the Governors were thrown, May 23, 1618, when some of the Bohemian objected to being governed.

The Gothic Church of St. Vitus may not be perfect in architecture, but, owing to its dominating location, it is very picturesque and certainly it contains much that is interesting. The Chapel of St. Wenceslaus is a wonderful shrine that is sacred to thousands of Bohemians, and, as this happens to be the feastday of the saint, there were several thousand pilgrims crowded within its narrow confines this afternoon, so we did not see it with comfort. Other interesting sights in the Cathedral are the Royal Mausoleum, on the flat top of which are the figures of

Charles Bridge, Prague

Ferdinand I., his consort Ann, and the Emperor Maximilian II., who are buried beneath, together with Charles IV., Wenceslaus IV., Ladislaus Posthumus, George Podiebrad, Rudolph II., and several queens and princesses. Near by in the choir is the silver shrine of St. John of Nepomuc. Returning from the Cathedral, we passed the huge Waldstein Palace, erected in 1623-30 for Albrecht von Wallenstein, the famous general of the Thirty Year War, and still in possession of the family. We recrossed the Charles' Bridge, the buttresses of which are adorned with a bronze Crucifix and twenty-eight groups of statues of saints. In the middle of the bridge is the bronze statue of St. John Nepomuc, the patron saint of Bohemia. A marble slab with a cross on the right parapet of the bridge, between the sixth and seventh pillars, marks the spot where the saint is said to have been flung from the bridge, in 1383, by order of Wenceslaus IV., for refusing to betray what the empress had confided to him in the confessional.

Sunday, September 28.

Went to the Tyn Church first, this morning, and spent some time, while waiting for

the service to begin, in gazing at the tomb of Tycho Brahe, which happened to be near the pew where I was seated. Although Tycho's fame rests on his being an astronomer, he is represented on his tomb as "a warrior bold" all clad in armor. As there seemed to be no indications that religious services were to take place there in the near future, and, as I was unable to make inquiries, owing to my lack of knowledge of the Bohemian tongue, I sallied forth to find another church where they were holding services. After walking some distance, I came to a small chapel where Mass had just begun, so I entered and squeezed into a pew near the door. When I awoke after a refreshing nap this afternoon, not at the church but in the room at the hotel, my family had entirely disappeared, so, alone, I walked to a hill on the other side of the river, where there is a tall view tower. Entering an elevator, in company with several good natured matrons and a parcel of children, we ascended to a platform from which there was a magnificent view of the city as well as a large part of Bohemia. The silvery Moldau winds through the town like an inverted S and is crossed by eight or nine bridges. Below were countless palaces and

The Hradcany, Prague

churches, and near at hand was a large fragment of the old town wall that has not yet been levelled, while all around, were the green fields and purple hills of Bohemia. Somewhere in the neighborhood took place the famous "Battle of Prague", that some thirty years ago we so often used to hear "performed" by young ladies that were learning to play the piano. Just which or what "Battle of Prague" it was, I can't say, but, judging by the noise of the piece, the slaughter must have been terrific.

Monday, September 29.

A beautiful day and this afternoon we go to Vienna. Bohemia is, comparatively, a flat country, well cultivated and quite extensively planted with pine trees. Some of the groves have but recently been set out and look like well cultivated corn fields at home. In other places the young trees are large enough for bean-poles but in most of the plantations they are from six to ten inches in diameter. Just as soon as the timber is large enough to make into boards, it is cut and after the branches have been carefully trimmed off, for they are saved for fire wood, the trunks are hauled to the sawmill. If it were not for the groves and the

many crosses and shrines to saints, that are scattered about the country, it would look very much like our western prairies. We arrived in Vienna after dark and taking a "bus" were hauled across the city, over some rough pavement, to the Grand Hotel, where they assigned us quite comfortable rooms.

Tuesday, September 30.

Went to the Museum with the boys to look at the old armor. They have a magnifiicent collection there. After a while I left my sons and went to the Picture Gallery. The collection is especially good in paintings of the Italian School. There are a number of fine Titians with several Tintorettos and Veroneses and more beautiful Palma Vecchios than I have ever before seen. Of Tuscan Old Masters, I noticed a St. Catherine by Parmigianino, and the famous "Madonna al Verde" by Raphael. The afternoon was spent in walking about the streets, up to the Stephans Platz, watching the people, and peeping into shops. At one place I found what looked to me like a suit of old Gothic armor. I shall take the boys up to have a look at it tomorrow.

Arctic Farms

Wednesday, October 1.

Today I went up to the Museum to join Maud and Marian, who with Raphael had preceded me. First I slipped into the rooms on the lower floor to have another look at the armor, for I wanted to compare some of the suits with the one I found for sale yesterday. It closely resembles a Gothic suit that belonged to Sigmund of Tyrol (d. 1496). After having taken a hasty look through some of the other rooms on this floor, I started to go up stairs to the Picture Galleries to find my family, for I knew Raphael desired to go elsewhere, when whom should I meet on the stairs but my brother Frank and his wife Luisa. They have been in Vienna for the past two days, are stopping at the "Bristol" just across the street from our hotel and in the meantime have been hunting for us. They were leaving the building but turned back and we went in search of Maud, Marian and Raphael, whom we soon found in one of the galleries. To say my crowd was surprised hardly expresses their feelings. After visiting a while, we decided to go over to the Hofburg to see the guard changed, Raphael in the meantime having gone to keep his appoint-

ment with Charles, but promising that they both would meet us at the Palace. The change of the guard was quite interesting to watch, as the marching step of the Hungarian soldiers, who relieved the Yager company on duty, was very peculiar. Nothing describes it better than a "cake-walk." After it was over we all went to our hotel for lunch. In the afternoon Charles and I went to buy the suit of Gothic armor that I discovered yesterday. The boys think it is mostly genuine, and certainly, to me, it looks like the one in the museum that belonged to Archduke Sigmund of Tyrol. The dealer says he bought it from the collection of Prince Windischgratz. In the same shop there was a nice half-suit painted black, such as the Bavarians wore in the Thirty Year War, but it had been sold just a few minutes before we arrived, so, much to our regret, we could not get it. This evening, Frank insisted that I go over to his hotel to see the bar-maid, "the handsomest woman in Vienna." I went but cannot say that I agree as to the verdict. The lady in question is tall, dark and quite of the Junoesque type. She told me she came from the Black Forest, so she is not a Viennese woman.

Elvenaes

Thursday, October 2.

Charles and I went to the Army Museum out at the Artillery Arsenal. The superb Vestibule is adorned with fifty-six marble statues of "Austrian Generals." However, among them I noticed Prince Eugene of Savoy, who certainly was not of Austrian birth. Ascending the imposing stairs, we enter the Ruhmeshalle ("Hall of Fame"), a fine domed hall containing memorial tablets to Austrian Heroes, while on the walls are frescoes of famous battles in which the Austrian armies have engaged. In the rooms to the right are arms and equipments used in the Thirty Year War and down to 1783. In the rooms to the left are trophies and weapons from that date down to the present time. We were greatly interested in the various guns we saw. In the evening we went to the Opera House to see a couple of ballets and a short operetta. The latter was what we in America call, "Suzanne's Secret." The principal ballet was called the "Red Shoe." The dancing was wonderful and from where we sat, the women, some thirty or forty in number, were a fine looking lot. As for their dancing, any one of them would have passed for a "premiere" in America.

Friday, October 3.

Went with Frank and Luisa out to Schonbrunn, the Summer Palace of the Emperor. We entered by the fore court and passed through the park with its straight walks, clipped trees, grottoes and ponds, up to the "Gloriette," a colonnade, one hundred and four yards long and sixty-two feet high, built in 1775. From the platform on the roof we had a splendid view of the park and the city beyond. Returning we met our carriage in front of the entrance to the Zoological Gardens. Frank and Luisa leave this evening for Budapest; we shall meet again in Paris.

Saturday, October 4.

Aboard the train for Munich. Just before reaching Linze we had a fine view of the Danube River. It is a noble stream, not quite so wide as the Missouri at Omaha. At Salsburg, a very picturesque looking city, we got a peep at some of the snow-clad peaks of the Tyrol. We arrived at Munich after dark and went to the "Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten" (Hotel Four Seasons).

Sunday, October 5.

Maud, Charles and I went to Mass at the Theatines Kirche. The singing was quite

An Arctic Harbor

good, probably the best we have heard this summer. After lunch the boys and I went to see the Army Museum, where there is a good collection of old armor and many relics of the Franco-Prussian War. Later I took a walk down town to the Grand Hotel Bellevue, where we stopped the last time we were here.

Monday, October 6.

Wasted a lot of valuable time this morning over arranging for our transportation to Paris. We wanted to stop at Strassburg and Rheims but it seemed to be impossible to arrange for the latter place, so I had to give it up. In the afternoon, I went up to the Alte Pinakothek and saw a number of my favorite pictures. Hunted up the portrait of Alice Ruthven by Van Dyck, which I used to admire greatly, but, sad to relate, she does not appeal to me now, as she did once upon a time.

Tuesday, October 7.

We men folks could not resist visiting the National Museum to see the old armor. There are some fine suits in the collection, including one or two of the Gothic period. Many of the exhibits are crowded too closely together. Then, where they have a number

of duplicates, they should sell a few of the surplus to people like myself and with the proceeds buy specimens that they lack. There is in this town a man, Schmidt by name, who makes such good imitations of ancient armor that it is hard to tell them from the genuine. Of course there are some details he neglects that give him away, but I am not going to tell what they are for then he might make such good copies that even the wise "guys" might be fooled.

Wednesday, October 8.

We left Munich just after lunch and arrived at Strassburg a little before nine o'clock this evening. Secured rooms at the National Hotel. The country through which we passed was well cultivated. Of Augsburg we did not see much. At Ulm we got a glimpse of the Cathedral, which has a very tall spire. When Stuttgart was reached we only touched the outskirts of the town. Before arriving at Karlsrhue, we had to change cars, and, after passing that place, we were on and off several trains. As a consequence we were quite fatigued when we reached our destination and only wanted a bath and a bed, but instead we had patés de foie gras at a late supper and I went to

In Munich

bed minus the bath, for there was only one bath-room available and, it was "women and children first."

Thursday, October 9.

On our way to the Cathedral this morning, we passed through a square on one side of which was a large building with an arcade. I was astonished to see a company of Prussian soldiers seated on benches beneath the arcade and in front of them, resting in racks quite handily, were their rifles. It does not look as though, even after forty years of training, the government entirely trusted the citizens. The principal sight at the Cathedral is the wonderful clock.

There was a celebrated clock in Strassburg Cathedral as early as the middle of the fourteenth century, but by the beginning of the sixteenth century it had ceased to run. In the year 1547 the Magistrate of the Free Imperial City ruled, therefore, that a new astronomical clock should be constructed and placed opposite the old one in the Cathedral. (In the place where the clock now stands.)

This clock served its purpose very well until 1789 when the works were destroyed. In 1836, for the third time, the Municipality of Strassburg decided that a new astronomi-

cal clock should be placed in the old framework and intrusted Mr. Schwilgue, a watchmaker of the city, with the task. He completed his undertaking in four years and it may be justly said to be unique in the world.

The clock contains a perpetual calendar indicating all the variable holy-days and regulates itself in leap years. There is in addition an ecclesiastical computation, a planetarium representing the revolutions of the planets, the phases of the moon, the eclipses of the sun and moon, calculated to the remotest time, a new celestial globe with indications of the equinoxes, etc.

The remaining parts of the mechanism are confined to a repetition—of course in more perfect form—of the old ones, the framework being the same. The first stroke of each quarter hour is struck by one of the little angels seated above the perpetual calendar, the second stroke of each quarter by one of the four ages, that proceed around the central figure Death. Childhood strikes the first quarter, Youth the second, Manhood the third and Old Age the last. Death strikes the hours, while the second little angel turns the hour glass he holds in his hands. At the stroke of twelve, the twelve apostles pass before Christ bowing to him;

Strassburg

the Savior blesses them by raising his hand, while the cock crows and flaps his wings three times. The cock is the true historical feature of the work; it has been faithfully retained since the fourteenth century during the various renovations, and has thus daily amused and astonished the generations of five centuries. During the afternoon I strolled about the town and found that there were many interesting old houses in the city, and some quite handsome, modern mansions.

Friday, October 10.

Took the train for Paris this morning. About noon we passed the boundary between Germany and France where we were carefully inspected, first by German and then by French officials. The first town of importance we came to, after entering France, was Nancy which is quite a bustling place. About Epernay there are many vinyards that produce the wine from which champagne is made and, on a hill near that place, I noticed a colossal statue of some saint. We arrived in Paris just before five o'clock in the afternoon and as we drove to the Dysart Hotel it seemed as though the streets of Paris had never before looked so gay. There were so many trim looking young women in evidence.

At the hotel we found my sister Stella and Mrs. S— awaiting our arrival. They are not stopping at our inn but at a splurgy place up near the Arc de Triomphe de l' Etoile; however, they did stay to dinner, for we have good meals here.

Saturday, October 11.

Went over to the bank this morning, then to the steamship company's office to arrange for passage home. Charles is going to stay with Stella and they will go on around the world. Mrs. S——'s passage was on another line, but I have arranged it so she can go with us on our ship. No need of her going alone, for the agent of our line is very accommodating. In the afternoon Gerard and Antonia called; both are looking well. In the evening we all went up to Stella's hotel to dine with her. There are lots of pretty women there but no men.

Sunday, October 12.

Went around to my little, old church to Mass and probably it will be a long time before I go there again. In the afternoon, over to the Place de la Concorde to see the balloons start in the International Race. There were over forty, and among them

Arc de Triomphe, Paris

three from America. While we were watching them, an aeroplane sailed over and seemed to be under perfect control. They are the machines that will dominate the air in the future. After the last big gas bag had disappeared southward, over the dome of the Pantheon, we went to call on Gerard and his wife who live quite near, but they were out, so we returned to our hotel.

Monday, October 13.

Frank and Luisa arrived today and in the evening we went over to the Hotel Crillon to see them. The Crillon is in one of those big, old buildings on the north side of the Place de la Concorde and is the very latest thing in the hotel line in Paris. It is a stately, old building erected 1762-1770, and was called "Hotel Crillon-Coislin", but I don't believe it was ever an inn before. Two years ago, when I was here, they had just started to renovate the old building, and at the time I wondered what they were going to do to it and was relieved when I found it was not to be pulled down.

Tuesday, October 14.

Today cousin Daisy and her husband called. She is Maud's cousin and I did not

know she was abroad. They saw our names announced as among the arrivals in Paris and were good enough to hunt us up. He is Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy and a fine looking man. I have met him before but it is the first time that Marian has seen him and she was quite smitten by "cousin Archie." They stayed to lunch and we had a very pleasant afternoon.

Wednesday, October 15.

Have been busy all day just running about. This evening I had all of our friends to dinner and we had quite a gay time in the private dining room of the Dysart, which we had all to ourselves.

Thursday, October 16.

Up exploring the north part of Paris towards Montmartre. In the afternoon Maud, Marian and I took tea with Daisy and Archie at Rumpelmayer's. My! the place was crowded and there were lots of pretty women there.

Friday, October 17.

Down to the Latin Quarter, exploring and revisiting old places this morning. In the afternoon Maud and I went to call on

At the Arctic Circle

Mrs. Biddle. In the evening Frank gave a feast at the Restaurant Prunier and we were all there, had a splendid time and a fine meal; oysters on half shell, grilled lobster, roast partridge, foie gras, salade and dessert, with plenty of good wine. A grand preliminary for a sea voyage.

Saturday, October 18.

We, that are going home to America, were at the station early to catch the boat train, which leaves at 10 A. M. Those who are to stay behind were also there to say goodbye. On arriving at Boulogne, we were informed that our steamer, the Nieuw Amsterdam, was late on account of fog, so we had plenty of time to inspect the town, and now after supper we are still at the hotel.

Sunday, October 19.

When we got aboard the steamship at twelve o'clock last night, we were a tired lot, but this morning it is bright and all of our party showed up by breakfast time. Spent most of the morning in the smoking room listening to Mr. Wickersham discourse upon various subjects.

Monday, October 20.

Our good ship is speeding down the Eng-

lish Channel. Just before dark we passed the Lizard. The steamship Zealand is in sight ahead. The sea is rough and the sailors are preparing for a storm by stretching life lines along the deck.

Tuesday, October 21.

This is the first time I have ever been on a ship when they had to stretch life lines along the decks and put racks on the dining room tables. About nine o'clock this morning we passed the steamship Zealand and it was a fine sight to see the spray dash over her funnels. We are protected by heavy glass windows on the promenade deck and over those they have fixed wooden shutters on the exposed side and ahead. At dinner this evening, Mrs. S——, Frank and I were all that showed up at our table. Soup and coffee were impossible but we did have a bottle of wine that was put in its own special rack. Suddenly the ship made a wild plunge and the bottle went sailing over Mrs. S——'s head, but she, doing an elegant short-stop stunt, caught it with one hand and gracefully returned it to the rack. We congratulated her on not spilling a drop.

Wednesday, October 22.

The sea is smoother this morning, but

"Boat Drill"

there is still some roll. We have a Roman Count aboard whose old palace I remember having seen somewhere down below the Corso. When he found out that I was from the West, he asked if I had ever been to Fort Atkinson. Then without waiting for an answer, he told me he was going there. I had never heard of the place, and to hide my ignorance, asked him why he was going there. He told me that there was a Model Dairy Farm located at Fort Atkinson and, as he intended to convert his estates in Italy into a dairy, he was going there to study modern methods in the dairy business. Finally, by means of judicious questioning, I discovered that Fort Atkinson was in the State of Wisconsin, so you see I have learned something new regarding the geography of my own country today.

Thursday, October 23.

Pleasant day, sea smooth, and the air balmy. Almost everybody on deck. Saw a large steamship to the south, bound east. As a diversion we had life-boat drill this afternoon.

Friday, October 24.

Bright day, colder with wind from astern. We had a fine dinner this evening to cele-

brate the twenty-fourth anniversary of our wedding. The head steward got it up with Raphael's assistance. There were specially printed menu cards, with wonderfully named dishes; Coupe Luise aux Liquers, Perdreaux Rôti au Nid, Salade Stella, Pêches Flambèes à la Marian, and Soufflée Maud en Surprise.

Saturday, October 25.

Fine day, quite smooth. About the only diversion is walking the deck. However, after dinner this evening they did have a little dance.

Sunday, October 26.

Beautiful day, although we had some fog last night. Passed a French steamer bound west. It was quite exciting as evidently the Frenchman did not intend to let us get by, but, notwithstanding the great cloud of black smoke that was pouring from his funnels, we slid past him.

Monday, October 27.

Arrived in New York at one o'clock this afternoon and as soon as we were through the Custom House examination took a carriage to the Seville Hotel.